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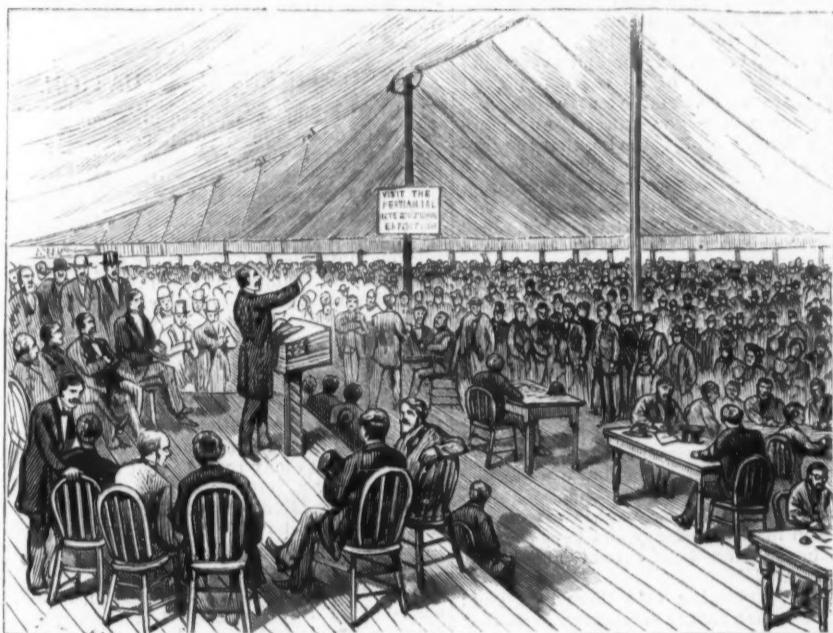
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,188—VOL. XLVI.]

NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1878.

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12 WEEKS, \$1.00.



EXERCISES IN THE HUGE TENT.



THE MILITARY HEADQUARTERS.



REVIEW OF THE MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS BY MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK, U. S. A.

PENNSYLVANIA.—CELEBRATION OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE EVACUATION OF VALLEY FORGE, JUNE 19th.
FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 304.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1878.

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ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.

CONGRESS adjourned on the morning of the 20th inst., after a session of nearly seven months. The last hours of the session were characterized by a good deal of turbulence and confusion, but the amount of vicious and ill-considered legislation was less than usual. This result was largely due to the attitude of Speaker Randall, and the sturdy course of a resolute minority in resisting all attempts to suspend the rules to admit of the consideration of special projects. All the necessary appropriation Bills were passed, the differences between the two Houses as to some of them being happily adjusted on the basis of mutual concessions. The aggregate of appropriations in the Sundry Civil Bill, which includes every object not otherwise provided for, was \$19,250,000, while in the River and Harbor Bill they amounted to \$8,000,000, about double the sum appropriated last year. The aggregate of all the appropriations made by Congress for the fiscal year ending with June, 1879, is about \$170,000,000. This includes the sum of \$5,500,000 for the payment of the Canadian Fishery award, which was carried through the House, after a sharp contest, by the sound argument that the country could not afford to break the engagements to which it pledged itself when it assented to arbitration. The total net ordinary receipts of the Government last year, excluding loans, were \$269,000,586, and the total net ordinary expenditures, excluding interest, amounted to \$141,535,497. The interest account for the past year amounted to \$97,124,511. The contest in reference to the reduction of the army resulted in the triumph of those who object to any reduction of the force, so that it remains at a maximum of 25,000 men. The Bill, however, reduces the allowance for quarters, and abolishes all extra allowances, as those for fuel and forage. It is also provided that it shall not be lawful to employ the army as a posse for the purpose of executing the laws, except where that employment may be expressly authorized by the Constitution or by act of Congress. The Bill further provides for the examination by a commission of the whole question of army reorganization. The control of the Indians is left with the Interior Department, and \$5,000,000 has been appropriated for the bureau. Acts were passed for the reorganization of the Life-saving Service, and extending the usefulness of the Signal Service; and no department of the Government was left entirely unprovided for, as was the case at the close of the last Congress. Among the public Bills which failed were those to subsidize steamship mail lines from New York and New Orleans to Brazil; to subsidize the Texas Pacific Railroad; to regulate inter-State commerce; to apply the proceeds of the sales of public lands to education; to provide for the protection of the Mexican border in Texas, and to authorize the Howgate Exploring Expedition to the Arctic Seas. The latter project has the warm support of many influential scientists, and it is believed that, in a prosperous condition of the Government finances, the expenditure proposed will receive the sanction of Congress; but with the National Treasury depleted and the revenue failing off at the rate of \$20,000,000 a year, we may well postpone any further attempt to discover the secrets of the remote Northern sea. Captain Howgate's plan, it will be remembered, contemplates the establishment of communicating colonies along the route pursued by his expedition, so that the most advanced party of exploration may always be within reach of succor; and the work in

hand need not, in consequence, suffer any serious interruption until a satisfactory and final result is attained.

The House passed a Bill, which, however, did not reach the Senate, providing that all pensions which have been or may be granted on account of death or injuries received in the late Civil War shall be paid from the date of death or discharge from the Federal service. This measure, were it to become a law, would involve an expenditure of from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000; and it is a striking illustration of the careless methods of Congressional legislation that a Bill entailing so heavy a burden upon the taxpayers of the country could be passed without any other consideration than a casual reading, to which nobody gave the slightest attention.

One of the most gratifying incidents of the closing hours of the session was the failure of the Bill to repeal the Resumption Act. Owing to differences of opinion among the opponents of resumption in the House, amendments made in the Senate could not be concurred in, and so all their schemes, so pertinaciously urged during the entire session, came to a disastrous end. The country is to be felicitated upon this result. We have had enough, and more than enough, of disturbing legislation on this financial question. The problem of resumption is settling itself through the operation of natural laws, and any and all attempts to prevent or delay the adjustment of our finances upon the hard-pen basis, to which it now closely approximates, must infallibly augment existing troubles and prolong the struggle in which so many great names and colossal interests have gone down in eclipse. The failure of all Congressional schemes makes it possible for the Secretary of the Treasury to carry out, unobstructedly, the hard-money policy to which the faith of the country is solemnly pledged, and business men being able to adjust themselves to fixed conditions, stability at least, if not a speedy return to prosperity, may safely be anticipated.

PROPHETS AND PROPHECIES.

WE briefly adverted last week to the change of politico-economical opinions which has taken place at the South in consequence of a change in the labor system of the late slave-holding States. While the institution of slavery was at the plenitude of its power and influence as the great controlling factor of Southern society, it was natural that a peculiar public economy, as well as a peculiar civilization, should be generated by its prevalence. The "forty-bale theory" with which McDuffie arrayed the planters of South Carolina against the "Tariff of abominations" in 1832, was a theory which fastened its roots in the "peculiar institution," for under it he sought to show that the Southern slaveholder was robbed, by the unequal working of the tariff, of forty bales of cotton out of every hundred yielded by the avails of slave labor.

That with the assimilation of Southern and Northern society, consequent on the eradication of the only great differential element which has previously existed in the bosom of the former, there would ensue a gradual assimilation of political ideas and economical policies between the two sections, was not only foreseen by the political philosopher, but the hope of it helped to stimulate the zeal of the Northern philanthropists and reformers who were most earnest in impressing an anti-slavery tendency on the "war for the Union." It was held, and rightly held, that the "irrepressible conflict" between the two communities could not be brought to an end without their unification by a common social system as well as by a common bond of geographical and political intercourse.

What was foreseen and predicted has come to pass; but, strange to say, some of the political philosophers and seers who once were foremost in making their roseate horoscopes, and in publishing their sanguine predictions of the "unity and concord" which would follow the destruction of slavery, are now professing amazement at the fulfillment of their prophecies. We all remember the time when to the typical Southern politician a "River and Harbor Bill" for the "improvement" of creeks and inlets, or the grant of Congressional subsidies to steamship lines and railroad corporations, was accounted among the most corrupt and depraving forms of that "commercial politics" which was alleged to have been begotten by the "spirit of trade" in the heart of Northern society. To-day, as has been pithily said by one of our contemporaries, nothing works such an instant extinction of "party lines" in Congress as the introduction of a Bill which has for its object the dispensation of Federal aid in promotion of "local improvements" and "private enterprises." The Democrat of the South is seen to join hands with the Republican of the West and North in support of a Subsidy Bill which proposes to indorse the bonds of the Southern Pacific Railroad to the amount of

\$38,750,000, and in the log-rolling advocacy of a "River and Harbor Bill," which appropriates \$8,367,000 for the "improvement" of harbors and creeks in every imaginable and unimaginable part of the Union.

On analyzing the vote had in the Senate on the passage of this latter measure (and it should be added that the Bill was greatly swollen by the Senate beyond the extravagant proportions it had already reached in the House of Representatives), we find that twenty-one Republicans and eighteen Democrats voted in the affirmative, and that fourteen Democrats and eight Republicans voted in the negative. Of the Democrats voting in the affirmative, all except three come from the late slave-holding States, and one among the Southern Senators who acted with the Republican majority, was frank to declare that, so far as he and his own section were concerned, "they (the Southern people) mean now, if they can, to get even" with the North in the race for economical improvement and commercial development by the aid and patronage of the Federal Government. Massachusetts, he argued (it is the language of Senator Withers, of Virginia, from which we are quoting), "has had every inlet, creek, harbor and everything else on the whole of its coast improved long years since, and you cannot find any place where you can put any more money there." And, believing that the property and wealth of Massachusetts have sprung in large measure from such fostering care of the General Government, this Senator from the land of "strict construction" is bold to avow for his compatriots of the South, "We mean to secure the development of our country by means of the same agencies and the same means, and I for one have no constitutional scruples on the subject." Another Southern and Democratic Senator held that it was the duty of the Government "to protect the people" by the passage of this River and Harbor Bill, and that it was "a thousand times better that money should be voted for such purposes and spent among our own people, giving employment to the poor who are now clamoring for bread, than to be hoarded in the Treasury and kept there to pay interest on bonds held abroad by foreigners."

Now, considering that there is a good deal of human nature in most men, and that human nature is pretty much the same in like conditions and in all ages, we find nothing surprising in these declarations. But it does surprise us to find Eastern Republicans, like Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, holding up their hands in horror at the rapidity with which the Democrats of the South "have forgotten their catechism of olden times," and learned the new dialect of "subsidy" and "protection." "Where," he asks, "are the doctrines of the fathers, and where is the construction of the Constitution to which a great party in this country adhered with such signal fidelity and held itself up to so strongly in days that have passed?"

This amazement does not sit well on the faces of Eastern Republicans. They should not wonder at the spread of protectionist ideas in the South, while their own hearts are unpurged from the old leaven of the false doctrine to which they have so long clung under this head. The demon of protection (if it be a demon) is not to be exorcised by those who are possessed with it. Beelzebub cannot cast out Beelzebub.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

ONE of the last acts of Congress was the passage of the Bill, introduced by Representative Cox of this city, providing for the reorganization of the Life-saving Service on a more efficient and comprehensive basis. This service, in the relations it sustains to the commerce of the country, is second in importance only to the Signal Service, with which it is intimately connected, and any legislation which contemplates its expansion will certainly command the popular approval. The Bill passed by Congress provides for doubling the service on the dangerous portions of the Virginia and North Carolina coasts, and an increase of the number of stations elsewhere. But the most important provision of the Act, perhaps, is that which requires all life-saving stations on the sea and Gulf coasts to be kept open for active service from the first of September to the first of May, and on the Lakes from the opening to the close of navigation, except where, in the judgment of the superintendent of the service, it may not be necessary to maintain at any point this continuous vigilance. Heretofore many of the stations have been closed during the inclement Fall and Winter months, owing to the absence of funds to keep them open, or for other reasons, and the consequences of this parsimonious policy have proved in more than one instance terribly disastrous. Thus, in November last, when the United States sloop-of-war *Huron* was wrecked off the North Carolina coast, and one hundred and

eleven officers, marines and men were lost, every life would no doubt have been saved had the two life-saving stations in the vicinity been manned by the usual crews. As the recent legislation not only provides for multiplying the stations, but authorizes the expenditure necessary for their proper equipment, we may reasonably expect that the number of disasters on our more dangerous coasts will hereafter be steadily diminished. The efficiency of all the stations, and of the entire coast service, moreover, will be augmented by the fact that in the Sundry Civil Bill Congress provides for an increase of the Signal Service force, which, as we learn from General Myer, will now be extended to points on the coast which it has heretofore been impossible to reach. There are already five hundred miles of coast telegraph line, extending from Cape May southward, which has direct communication with the chief Signal office at Washington, and with all lighthouses and life-saving stations, and with the extension of this line, as contemplated, it will be possible to summon assistance, in case of disaster, to any point on the coast from Sandy Hook to the Carolina Capes.

THE CONTINENTAL SITUATION.

PUBLIC attention is, of course, concentrated upon the Berlin Congress. Involving, as this does, the fates of empire in Asia as well as in Europe, it is the most important conference that has met since the famous Congress of Vienna. So far, its work seems to have been done mainly in informal interviews between its members, its president, Prince von Bismarck, having thus cleverly contrived to prevent the risk of alarming Europe by too animated discussions at the regular sittings. Doubtless no little work has been actually done over walnuts and wine at State banquets and more private dinners, and at the splendid receptions at the British embassy. And here it is probable—as one of these days future memoirs may reveal—that the feminine influences, not less powerful than subtle, which European diplomacy never neglects to use, have been brought to bear upon the plenipotentiaries.

The latest political sensation has been the publication by a London journal, in a semi-official form, of secret agreements between Russia and England, and, although less distinctly outlined, between Russia and Austria. It is whispered that the English Government itself connived at the publication, in order to prepare the English mind for an inevitable disappointment of its proud hopes as to the issues of the Congress. According to these documents, the Treaty of San Stefano is substantially accepted, and that of Paris is absolutely ignored. The only points of any importance reserved for the Congress to settle are the control of the Danube and the reorganization and enlargement of Greece. The Dardanelles and the Bosphorus are to remain in *status quo*. The nature of the understanding with Austria is not so fully shown, but it is intimated to be such as to remove all danger of war. No wonder that the more fanatical of the war party in Great Britain are, for the moment, suspicious of Lord Beaconsfield, who left England for Berlin with such flying colors. But, after all, when his plan shall be completely disclosed, his marvelous far-sightedness may yet be recognized alike by his wavering partisans and by his inveterate opponents. In that case, after having won a peace-victory more glorious than any war-victory, he will return to England to be made a duke by the Empress of India.

Austria, it is now asserted, has concluded an alliance with England that will compel Russia to make still further concessions than Prince Gortschakoff was originally authorized to make. Greece owes it partly to the echoes of the rifles and cannon of the Greek insurgents battling with the Turks in Crete that her voice will be heard in the Congress, at least on questions that directly concern her interests. Turkey, although coldly enough received at the Congress in the persons of her envoys—both of whom, however, are Christians, one being a Greek and another a Prussian—is promising to make all sorts of reforms, and to carry out practically her truly admirable constitution, if the Powers will only save her from threatened dismemberment. Unfortunately constitutions do not execute themselves. The Sultan is reported almost crazy with nervous apprehensions, and a revolution against him in Constantinople is said to be imminent.

The Emperor of Germany is recovering from the wounds inflicted upon him by the assassin Nobeling, who is also getting well, if only to be tried, condemned and executed. It is possible that the Crown Prince will soon be made regent of the German Empire. Now that the dissolution of the Reichstag has been determined upon, the coming elections will test at once the strength of the Empire and that of the Liberal Party, with its dangerous allies, the Socialists of every shade. In these elections the questions of the military law, the rights of the

press, and of free speech, will all be involved, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the policy of the extremists among the German Socialists may not provoke a violent reaction, perilous to the cause of liberty. In Belgium, the recent elections have resulted in the formation of a liberal ministry. In France, the Royalists, or, rather, the Imperialists, are really more to be dreaded as disturbers of the peace and enemies of society than even the few surviving Communists, whose murderous fangs have been extracted. The Imperialists are now making desperate efforts to subvert the French Republic by conspiring to have the Senate so composed as to strengthen their loosening hold upon their former power. At Paris no legacy of the late imperial dynasty is so highly valued as the Grand Prix de Paris, and the winning of this prize at Longchamps by Prince Soltykoff's English horse Thurlo, and a grand military review at Longchamps, and, last but not least, the opening sessions of the Literary Congress, with Victor Hugo as its president, have each drawn away crowds even from the International Exposition. A Pan-Judaic Congress, the first International Conference ever held by the Hebrews, will meet in Paris on the 12th of August, and the French Society of the Friends of Peace have issued invitations for their International Congress in September.

Spain, in its turn, is suffering from commercial depression and distress, and from strikes. But it has just created a fresh national loan, and it has solemnly decreed that it will not abolish bull-fights. The youthful Queen Mercedes is dangerously ill.

Finally, all Italy is still talking and gestulating—not about the Consistory which Pope Leo XIII. has summoned to meet in Rome, on 5th of July, nor about the Congress at Berlin, nor the Franco-Italian Commercial Treaty, nor the Paris Exhibition, nor the Voltaire centenary—but about the prodigious luck of the young Neapolitan priest, Father de Mattia, in winning, at the last drawing of the Royal Lottery, with seventy francs risked on eight tickets, the sum of 2,152,640 francs—that is, with fourteen dollars, \$430,528!

THE PRESIDENTIAL TITLE.

GENERAL BUTLER submitted to the House of Representatives on Tuesday last, as an individual member of the Judiciary Committee, a minority report on the subject of the inviolability of the President's title. He does not agree with the majority of the committee that there is no power in any subsequent Congress to reverse the declaration made by that which counted the vote and declared the result. It is true, he says, that Congress cannot try a case, but the proper powers of the Judiciary are incapable of execution without suitable provisions of law enacted by Congress, and he argues that it would be entirely competent for that body to pass an Act by which a contention on this issue could be brought before the Supreme Court and a determination in that way judicially arrived at. While this view of the case may be correct—as we do not by any means admit—it is difficult to see what advantage could possibly accrue from a revival of the question in the courts or elsewhere. The country is quite content that Mr. Hayes shall remain in the position he occupies; even if it could be shown that it was acquired by fraud, acquiescence in the result, ratified as it was by a solemn declaration of the Electoral Commission to which absolute control over the whole subject was deliberately relegated by Congress, would be infinitely better and safer than a renewal of the perilous agitation which marked the progress of the original count. The great body of the people, who are intent upon business rather than politics, desire, not a revival of a settled controversy, but that Congress shall by timely legislation secure the country against a recurrence of the dangers out of which it has happily emerged. A law like that proposed by Senator Edmunds, providing ample safeguards against fraud in the electoral count, and designating the rules and methods for ascertaining the result, by Congress, so clearly and specifically as to make complications practically impossible, is the one supreme necessity in this connection which is recognized by right-thinking men of all parties, and it should be among the very earliest acts of the closing session of the present Congress to pass such a measure. It will be positively criminal negligence to postpone the adoption of the legal precautions in this matter which experience has shown to be necessary.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE'S "Scenes in Sun-Lands," being a continuation of the paper entitled "A Trip to Havana," will appear in the August Number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, with copious illustrations.

It is gratifying to learn that the wheat crop of the country promises to exceed the production of previous years. It is esti-

mated at the Agricultural Department that the crop will be 460,000,000 bushels. This enormous yield of the soil will largely compensate for the shrinkage of property values and the paralysis of other factors of national prosperity.

THE effect of the completion of the new elevated railroad upon the stock and securities of the leading horse-car companies is already marked. The stock and scrip of all the roads of which we have quotations are very sensibly depreciated. Thus the shares of the Third Avenue Railroad, which sold in June of last year at 182½, commanded last week only 112, and sales of stock of other companies show a like decline. The abandonment of some of the horse-car lines at no distant day can scarcely be a matter of doubt.

THE school statistics of the State of New York for 1877 present a remarkable exhibit of the extent of the educational work among the people. Thus we learn that the whole number of children attending the public schools during the year was 1,023,715—the average daily attendance being higher than in any previous year. There are in the State 11,833 school-houses, representing, with their sites, an aggregate value of \$30,386,248. The whole number of teachers employed in the schools was 30,161, of whom 22,311 were females. The total cost of maintaining the public schools during the year was \$10,976,234. In facts like these, showing the scope and vigor of our system of public school instruction, the publicist finds the surest guarantee of the safety of the commonwealth and the development of the individual.

THERE WAS a great deal of discussion among members of Congress, at the recent session, in reference to the rights and interests of the laboring man, but nothing practical was done for the relief of the existing industrial condition. Both Houses, however, directed inquiries to be made by select committees, during the Summer recess, into the nature and causes of the depression of business, and what remedies, if any, can be provided by national legislation. It would seem that no very profound inquiry is necessary to determine the causes of the present prostration of industry and trade, and it may be doubted whether any mere artificial and external poulticing will cure the prevalent disorders of our commercial system; but if any light can be thrown upon the situation by Congressional investigation, it will be welcomed, and, at any rate, a thorough exploration of the entire subject can do no harm.

THE Communistic element is more formidable and aggressive in Chicago than in any other of our cities. But even there, it is satisfactory to know, it is less menacing to the public tranquillity than it has been supposed to be. In a demonstration on a recent Sunday, the organization paraded 5,000 men, a few of whom carried arms with fixed bayonets, and all of whom marched under red flags and banners with Communistic devices, but there was no disorder and no violence, as had been anticipated by the authorities. There is but meagre soil in this country for the growth of pure Socialism of the European type, and with a prudent recognition on the part of legislators of the real rights of labor and the unities which should, in all well-regulated communities, subsist between it and capital, there need be no apprehension of any serious trouble from this quarter—of trouble so formidable, at least, that it cannot be easily controlled.

THE appropriation by Congress of \$5,500,000 to pay the Canadian Fishery award was in strict accordance with the requirements of fair play and national honor. Every right-minded citizen would have felt a sense of humiliation had the House of Representatives listened to the advice of General Butler and some others, and refused to pay the award. That award was undoubtedly excessive, and out of proportion to the benefits received by the United States under the treaty; but we submitted our case to the Halifax Commission without any right of appeal, and good faith demands that we should stand squarely by the decision made. There are larger things, as Mr. Hewitt well remarked, than millions of dollars, and one of these is a nation's good name; there is no other element of prosperity, and no quality in a people or an individual, which at all compares with manly and straightforward fair-dealing under any and all circumstances.

THE British House of Commons, on the 4th of June, voted itself a holiday for the Derby Day. One member, who is evidently a worshiper of the horse, proposed the adjournment in a speech, arguing that many of the horses belonged to "distinguished people," and therefore the House

ought to go down and see them. The seconder made some fun of the "midnight perambulations of members through the lobbies," and their consequent need of refreshment from the "grand national picnic," declared that "the world looked to England for horse-racing," and asserted that King Solomon had forty thousand horses, had twelve thousand horsemen and had races every day after dinner—an argument he considered conclusive. He wanted, as England had abolished all fighting except that of armies, to keep "something manly." The age, he said, was becoming too lady-like, and men were dwindling into "a gingerbread sort of creatures." This kind of fooling seemed to the House the perfection of humorous wisdom, and the adjournment was voted by 225 to 95. Our American legislators have the same liking for the sports of the turf, but they show it less conspicuously, never going to the length of a formal adjournment, but running off, singly and in pairs, whenever sport is within convenient reach.

THERE are intimations from France that another reactionary movement, looking to the control of the coming Senatorial elections, is contemplated by the Monarchs, backed by President MacMahon. It is alleged that unless these elections can be influenced by some official interference, the Republicans will be certain to carry the day. Certain military nominations recently made are dwelt upon as indicative of a purpose on the part of the President to hold the Parliamentary influence in check, and Gambetta has already sounded, in a very emphatic way, the note of alarm. French politics, however, consist so largely in fighting imaginary perils and dealing with intrigues which have no real relation to principles, that possibly the apprehensions now entertained will prove to be as groundless as those which stirred France to its depths about the time of the last general election. It is certain that any violently reactionary demonstration by MacMahon at this particular juncture would precipitate a collision with forces which he could but poorly resist; and we prefer to believe that he will hesitate to endanger, by any patronage of the schemes of the irreconcilables, the Republic to whose defense he is solemnly sworn, and for whose perpetuity he has so repeatedly avowed his readiness to make any and every sacrifice.

THE new elevated railroad is rapidly solving the question of rapid transit in this city; but it is yet too soon to predict what effect the multiplication of these avenues of travel will have upon the permanence of our city population. Very many believe that these roads will ultimately drain the thickly populated districts of their surplus population, and that the suburban towns will grow in importance just as the metropolis halts in its growth. However this may be, there can be no question that these lines of rapid communication will contribute largely to the popular convenience, and give a quickened impulse to business. The management of both roads is marked by vigor and efficiency; but there is one respect in which there is room for improvement, and that is, in the precautions against accidents at the stations on the lines. At present, the only guards against a rush of passengers accumulated at the stations are gates opening to the trains, and it not unfrequently occurs that accidents happen to persons attempting to board the cars. The companies should establish gates at the top of each stairway by which passengers approach the platforms from the street, and these should, in all cases, be immediately shut upon the arrival of a train. Persons already upon the platform would thus board the trains in safety, while those shut out by the closed gates would be prevented from making mad and hurried plunges for the cars—being admitted the moment the train had cleared the platform, and so secure prompt and safe transit at the expense of only two or three minutes' delay. No train should ever be allowed to leave any station until the gates communicating with the street are closed.

THE development of the trade and resources of Brazil is largely occupying the attention of the hard commercial thinkers of that country, and the outcome is a proposed exhibition to be held at Rio de Janeiro. The immediate purpose of the undertaking is the marketing of American merchandise adapted to Brazil, the balance of trade being calculated as being in favor of this country annually at \$40,000,000, equalized. The main building is estimated to cost \$250,000; a store-house for bulky articles, \$50,000; and the working expenses computed at \$200,000. The proposed capital is \$500,000. The promoters expect that the site of the building will be furnished gratuitously, while the samples of goods sent for exhibition will be free of duty. The building, which is to be permanent, is to be constructed of iron, brick and glass, and will belong to those who own the space, subject to certain fixed charges. The management of the enterprise is to be in the hands of a board of direc-

tors, to be elected by the company, who will operate the concern for the benefit of the stockholders. Two hundred and fifty spaces in the Main Building, and eighty-three in the other, at a cost respectively of \$1,100, \$1,300, \$1,400, \$1,500, \$2,000, \$2,500 and \$5,000 each, will pay for the buildings, and leave \$200,000 for duties and other necessities. In other words, 12 spaces at \$1,100 each, or 11 spaces at \$100 each; 90 spaces at \$1,300 each; 26 spaces at \$1,400; 96 spaces at \$1,500 each; 10 spaces at \$2,000 each; 12 spaces at \$2,500 each; 2 spaces at \$2,900 each, and 2 spaces at \$5,000 each. The eighty-three spaces, 16 x 18, not in the Main Building, will be \$1,500 each, and double the size of those in the Main Building, but at the same cost. The whole to be issued in shares of stock of \$100 each. The size of the spaces in the Main Building are as follows: 13.0 x 10.8, \$1,100; 13.0 x 11.1, \$1,300; 13.0 x 11.5, \$1,400; 12.0 x 12.0, \$1,500; 13.0 x 15.0; \$2,000; 16.0 x 15.0, \$2,500; 13.0 x 22.2, \$2,900; 24.0 x 20.0, \$5,000.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has issued a circular offering the four per cent. bonds at popular sale.

IN Ohio the Republican Convention nominated a State ticket and adopted a Radical platform, June 19th.

ALONZO GARCHIN, of Lewiston, received the nomination for Governor in the Maine Democratic Convention, June 18th.

A FIVE-DAYS' Schuetzenfest was opened at Union Hill, N. J., June 17th, during which prizes to the value of \$25,000 were shot for.

A CLASS of thirty-six cadet midshipmen and fourteen cadet engineers graduated at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, June 20th.

THE schooner *Eothen* sailed from New York, June 19th, in search of relics of the Franklin expedition, supposed to have been left in the Arctic regions.

THE contest for the single-scall championship of America, at Pittsburg, on the 26th ultimo, was won by Hanlon, of Toronto, against Morris, of the former city.

JUDGE BARRETT, of the New York Oyer and Terminer, on the 20th of June, quashed the indictment against the fifteen aldermen who authorized certain structures in the streets.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON of New York has appointed Mr. Edgar K. Apgar, late Deputy Secretary of State, as special agent to investigate the State charities, reformatory and penal institutions.

MR. MOSES A. WHEELOCK, a well-known broker of New York, and for twenty-six years chairman of the Stock Exchange, committed suicide on June 23d. Business reverses are said to have caused the act.

THE Missouri Greenback Convention, held at Sedalia on June 20th, adopted resolutions demanding that the Constitution be so amended as to restrain Congress from exempting any property from taxation and from granting subsidies.

THE President has nominated Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, Colonel John G. Barnard and Leonard Whitney, of the District of Columbia, to be Commissioners to ascertain the cost of removing the Naval Observatory in Washington, D. C.

AT a special meeting of Plymouth Church on June 21st, the report of the Examining Committee on the charges preferred against Mrs. Theodore Tilton for slandering Mr. Beecher, was adopted, and Mrs. Tilton was formally excommunicated from the communion and fellowship of the Church.

THE Vermont Democratic Convention, held at Montpelier, June 20th, nominated William H. Blingham for Governor, Jerome W. Pierce for Lieutenant-Governor, and George E. Boyce for Treasurer. The resolutions favor honest payment of the debt, home rule and the substitution of national currency for bank bills.

ONE of the last acts of the House of Representatives, just before the recent adjournment, was the adoption of a proposed amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the payment of all claims against the United States for property taken, used or destroyed during the civil war, unless the owner of such property was loyal to the Federal Government.

AMONG the deaths of the past week are those of William C. Rhinelander, the last of the second generation of the famous Knickerbocker family who settled in New York over a century ago; Rev. Charles R. True, a prominent Methodist divine, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Augusta H. Pelton, wife of Colonel Wm. T. Pelton, and a niece by marriage of ex-Governor Tilden; Sir Wm. Bragg, Chief Justice of Demerara; the venerable Professor Hodge, of the College of New Jersey, Princeton, William M. Vermilye, founder of the banking-house of Vermilye & Co., New York, and George P. Kane, Mayor of Baltimore.

Foreign.

GONZALES has been re-elected President of Santo Domingo.

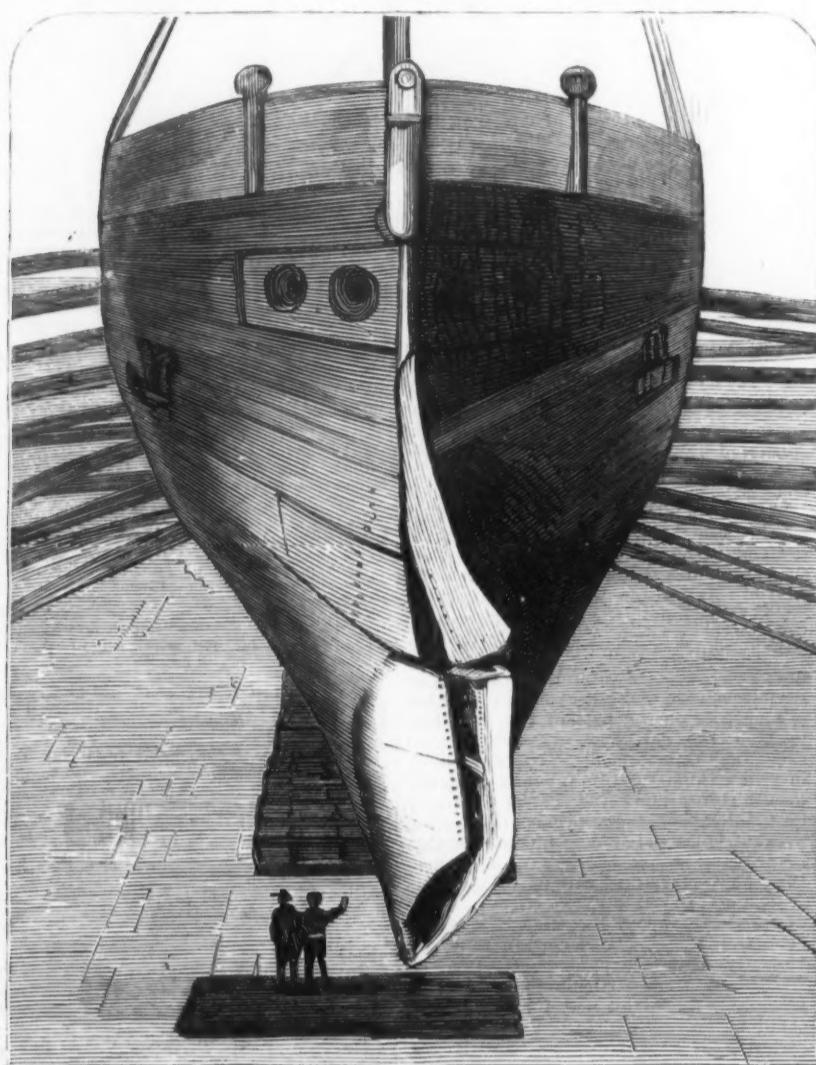
THE strike at Lancashire, England, has ended, and the cotton-mills are in operation again.

REPORTS of a contemplated attempt on the life of the Crown Prince of Germany have been circulated in Berlin, causing much excitement.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON, upon recommendation of the Ministers, has decided to pardon 800 Communists on the occasion of the national festival of the 30th inst., in honor of the Exhibition.

IN the European Congress it was decided, June 19th, to give Greece a hearing, when the Greek provinces are under consideration. In the exchange of views now going on between the Plenipotentiaries, the Russian representatives are beginning to point out that there is a final limit to concessions for a State which has made sacrifices and cannot offend the strong national feeling of its people. They are also said to have stated that they could not go beyond the concessions already made. Much excitement prevailed at St. Petersburg, June 23d, concerning the arrangement by which Turkey is allowed to occupy the Balkan Passes. It is thought Count Schouvaloff is accountable for making this concession, which is considered conditional upon the establishment of the autonomy of Roumelia and the evacuation of the interior by the Turkish troops. The Austrian Government has demanded payment of a large sum from Turkey for the support of refugees. It is stated that the Congress will settle the matter by giving Austria Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 303.



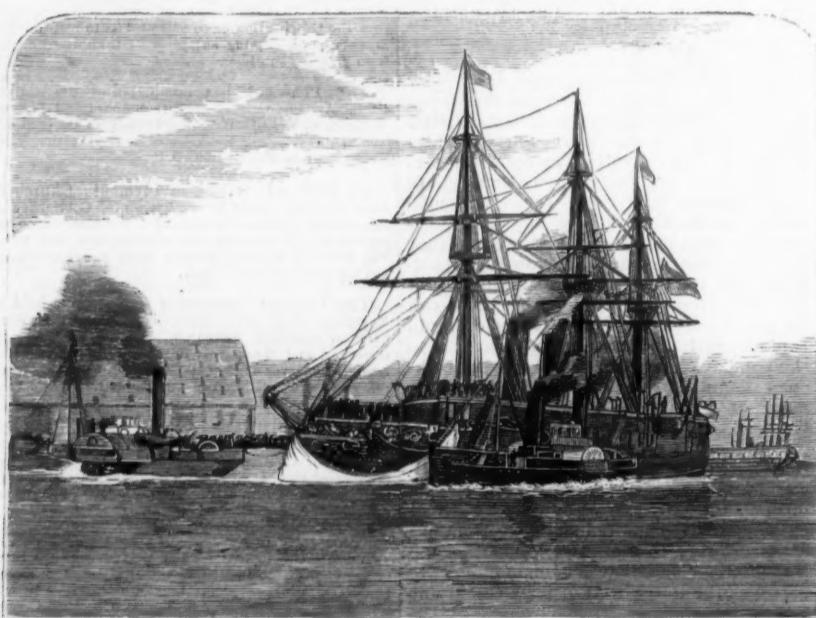
ENGLAND.—THE COLLISION BETWEEN GERMAN IRONCLADS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—RAM OF THE "KOENIG WILHELM" AFTER THE ACCIDENT.



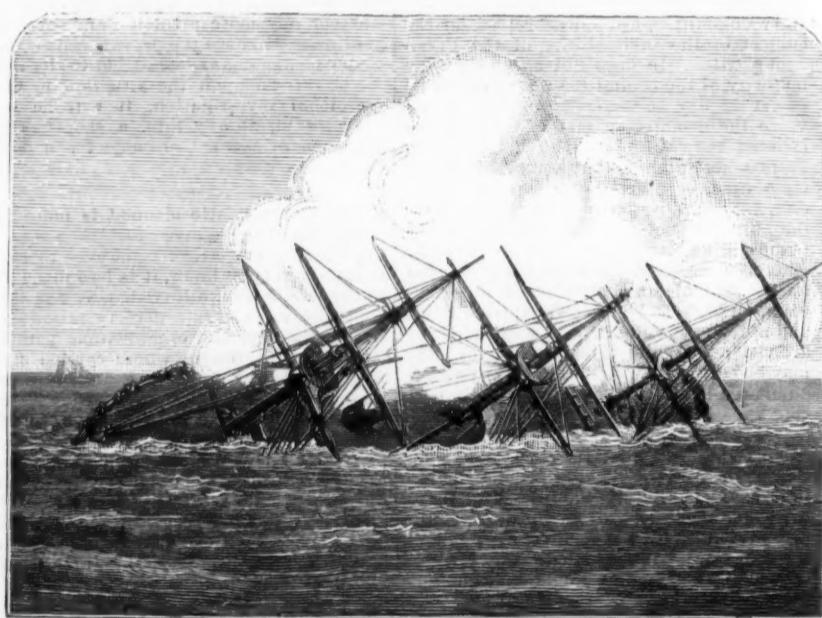
FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—THE SOUTH AMERICAN PAVILION IN THE CHAMP-DE-MARS.



FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—DINING-ROOM IN THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PAVILION, ON INTERNATIONAL STREET.



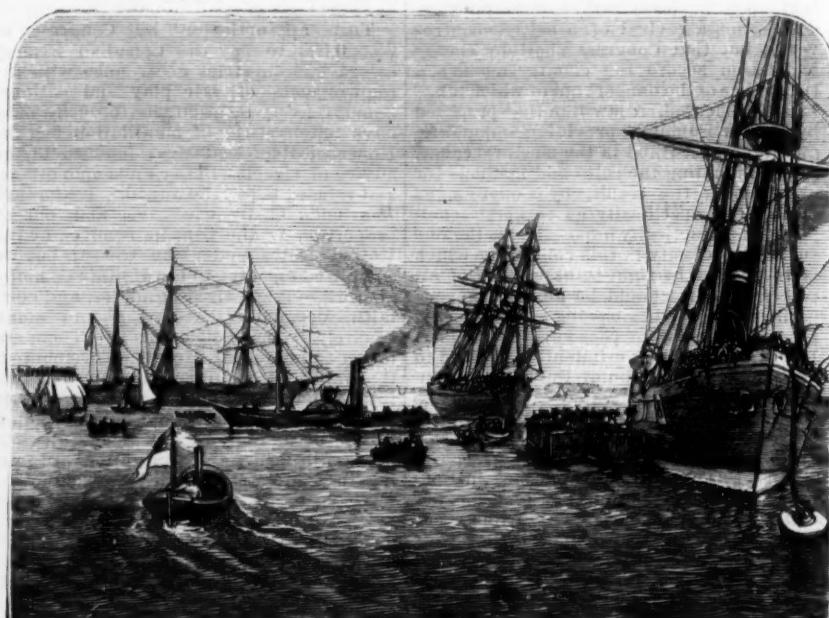
ENGLAND.—THE COLLISION BETWEEN GERMAN IRONCLADS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—THE "KOENIG WILHELM" BEING TOWED INTO PORTSMOUTH HARBOR.



ENGLAND.—THE COLLISION BETWEEN GERMAN IRONCLADS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—THE LAST OF THE "GROSSER KURFUESTER."



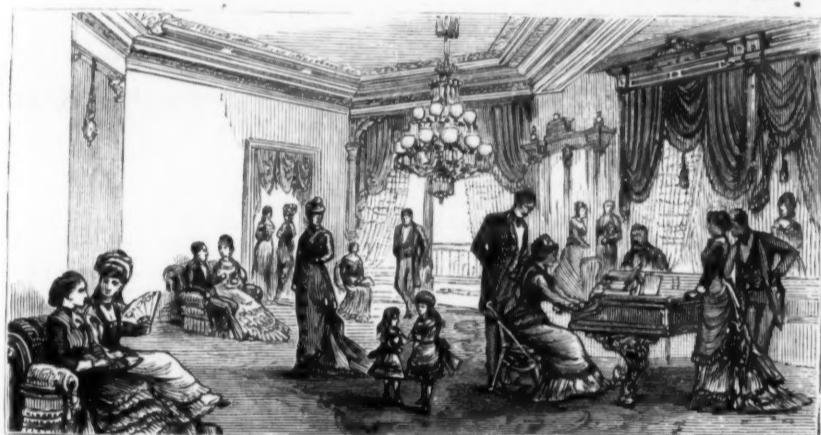
RUSSIA.—ARRIVAL OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA AT ST. PETERSBURG, MAY 2^d.



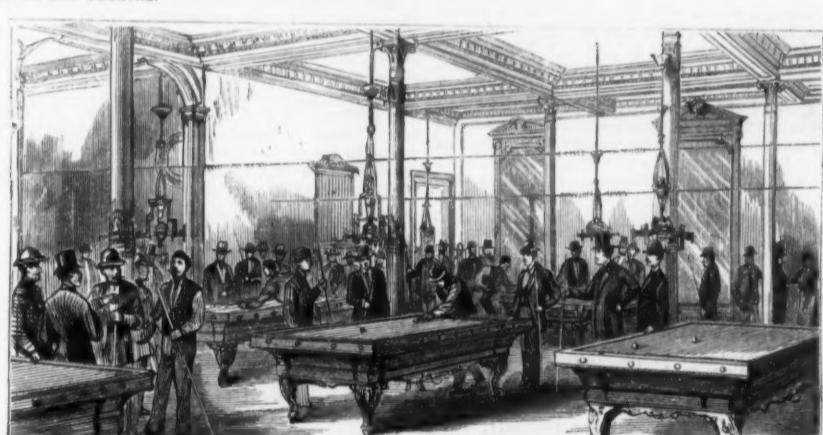
EGYPT.—ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRANSPORT SHIP AT PORT SAID, WITH INDIAN TROOPS ON BOARD.



VIEW OF BALDWIN'S HOTEL AND THEATRE.



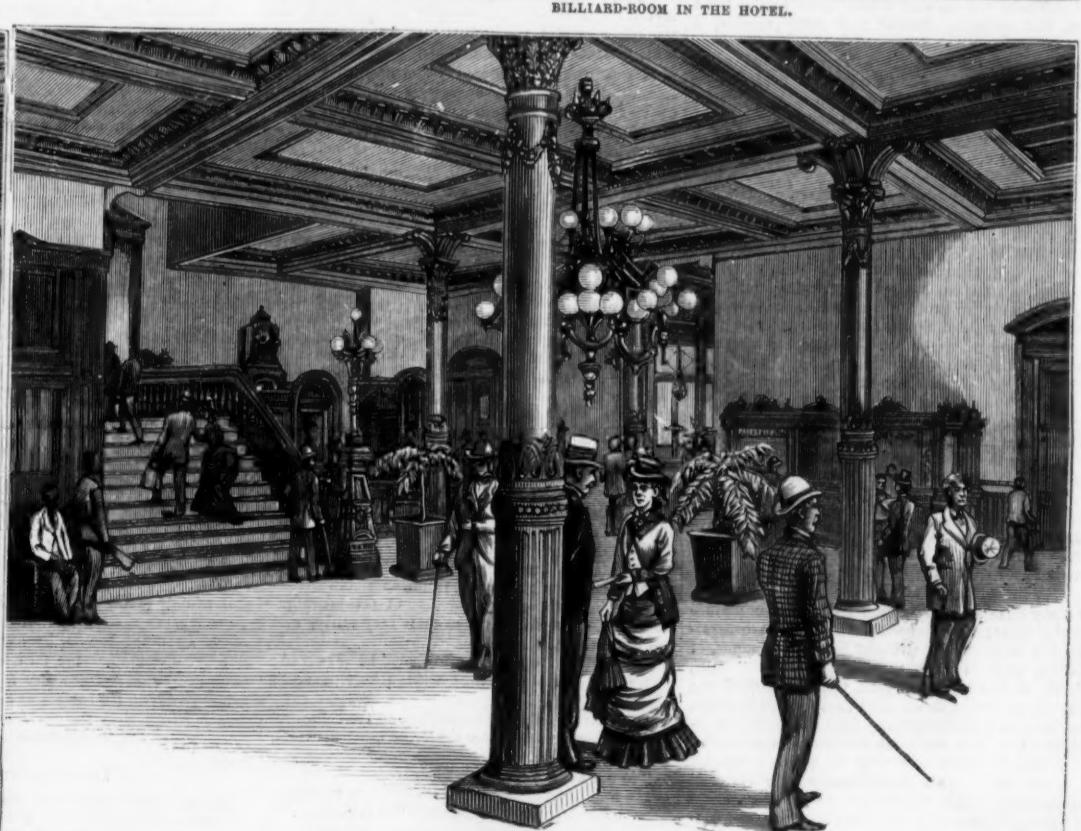
LADIES' PARLOR IN THE HOTEL.



BILLIARD-ROOM IN THE HOTEL.



BAR-ROOM OF THE HOTEL.



OFFICE OF THE HOTEL.

OVERLAND TO THE PACIFIC.—BALDWIN'S HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—From SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 302.

IN THE DUSK AT DUSSELDORF.

I TOOK the rooms without much consideration, for I had gone to Düsseldorf upon a miserable errand; none other indeed than to consult a famous oculist there. He wanted to watch over me for at least a month, and preferred that I should have the quiet of an apartment in a private house rather than be subject to the noise and bustle of a hotel. He knew the very rooms for me—they belonged to an artist friend of his, an animal-painter, who was away on a holiday, and who would be glad to get a tenant for the time being. They consisted of a large studio and dormitory attached, with a cupboard-like ante-room that gave by an outer door upon the main stair, while both painting-room and bedroom opened by separate doors into this tiny vestibule. Only after I had been settled in them for some hours had I the spirit even to regard the contents of my new abode. I was to use my damaged sight as little as possible, and I was to admit no more light into the rooms than was necessary to steer about by. Thus, from sheer *ennui* rather than curiosity was it that I began to look about me, and to discover that I was in a luxurious habitation, fitted and furnished in the best possible taste. There were soft couches, thick curtains, rich tapestry, double-piled rugs, antique mirrors, cabinets, book-shelves, tables, chairs, lamps, what-not, but, save for an easel or two stowed away in a further corner, little or nothing to indicate the presence of the professional artist. Some pictures there were about, but with one exception they were hung upon the walls as part of their decoration. This exception, however, was notable, and was standing unframed on a chair, where, had I dared to have withdrawn the blind, the rays from the high studio window would have fallen full upon it.

Placed there in the obscure light, towards six o'clock in the Autumn evening, this picture looked to me like the representation of a crouching animal—a panther, leopard, cheetah, one could not say which. I could not see clearly, and it did not interest me; I merely saw it as I saw all else—automatically, dimly. My mind was too full of the gravity of my condition, of my prospects, my future; I was very lonely, too; the more so because my man, who would otherwise have been reading to me, had been taken ill in the afternoon, and had been obliged to go to bed, his room being at the top of the house. And the house? Well, though let off in flats, according to the custom of the country, it was as silent and gloomy as if it had been in the city of the dead, and beyond, at long intervals, a foot going up and down the stair, not a sound was to be heard. At best there is little traffic in the thoroughfares of Düsseldorf, and this establishment was in a side street.

Thus then I sat in the darkest corner of the room, with nothing but my own gloomy thoughts for company. Gloomier and gloomier they grew as I dwelt upon them, until, indeed, I worked myself into a nervous fever, a fever of apprehension. Presently I was startled by a gentle knock at the door, one single, gentle knock. Involuntarily I cried:

"Come in"; but no one appeared, and for the matter of that I had noticed no footstep. So I thought I had been mistaken, and that the knock had been only one of those mysterious noises heard in rooms, and not at all times easily to be accounted for. But five minutes afterwards it was repeated exactly as before—one single, gentle knock; there was no mistake this time. It was not as of a knuckle against the wood, but as of a metal knocker. It was plainly, undeniably, a knock at the studio-door, which opened into the aforesaid little ante-room. Again I cried out, "Come in," though again I had heard no footstep. Yet there was no response; and then remembering that I was abroad, and that my words may not be understood, I uttered their equivalents in German, though knowing little enough of the language. Still no result; so I waited and listened now, and in about five minutes once more there came the knock precisely like the last. Then I rose hurriedly, anxiously, and went to the door, opened it, and looked out. There was no one there; faint as the light was, and growing fainter now every minute, I was sure of that. I stepped across to the door opening upon the main stair. It was slightly ajar. As I did so I was seized by a curious cold sort of sensation, a sensation of goose-flesh all over me, as it is called. Opening wide this outer door I still found no one upon the landing—not a creature was about up or down the stair; all was silent as the grave.

Considerably puzzled, and nervous, after a minute I returned to my seat in the studio, shutting the doors behind me. I had scarcely been seated an instant before the same strange, chilly feeling crept through me again, amounting now to a shudder that would have set my teeth chattering had I not controlled it. With it there came, too, a vague sense of dread, and a shrinking, as it were, within myself, quite indescribable. What could it mean? The weather was rather sultry and close than otherwise, and I had hitherto felt heated; now I could have borne fire. Nay, I would have lighted one had there been any preparations for Winter yet in the elaborately ornamented china stove close to my elbow. As it was, I sat shivering at intervals as if I had an ague coming on, and feeling more miserable, ill, and depressed than ever. Yet, I sat, I suppose, for half an hour, strangely disinclined to move, but listening eagerly and wondering if I should hear the knock again; but it never came, the silence was unbroken.

Very little light now remained in the apartment, and my gaze from my corner fell upon the picture on the chair; it was about the only object discernible, the rays of the twilight lingering longer, of course, just beneath the high window. Still, merely regarding this object mechanically, I can scarcely say what it was that first seemed to make me look at it with anything like an attentive interest; that first made me feel that I was looking at it with my brain as well as my eyes. I imagine it must have been a certain sense of surprise at seeing it so plainly, all else being very obscure. At any rate, I could now make out the form and outline of the animal in strong contrast to the even half-toned background of the canvas, and in a way that I did not think I had been able to do before. Yes,

there was the crouching creature, whatever it was, dark and mysterious, though with a kind of iridescent light about it that made it palpable, plain, even to my perfect vision. A leopard or cheetah surely, painted with immense force and life-like vigor, and represented as if in that writhing, crouching attitude which immediately precedes the spring upon the prey. A subdued flashing fire was almost visible in the animal's eyes, the long curved tail seemed upon the point of lashing itself with the lithe rage of the wild beast. I grew quite excited as I discerned these details, these striking evidences of the artist's skill. Really the creature seemed almost alive, almost moving. So true to nature was it that, as the fact impressed me, the chill and dread under which I had been before laboring were immensely increased, and, nervous and miserable as I was, there started cold drops upon my brow. Shrinking more and more within myself, my teeth chattering, and with a horrible sense of stifling, I was about to rise in sheer dismay, when I was brought to my feet, aghast and in actual terror, by plainly seeing the animal move. Yes, undoubtedly, for a moment distinctly, there was a writhing motion, and then, with one angry sweep of the tail, the creature seemed to spring forward into the blackness of the room, and there remained nothing upon the chair apparently but the pale, plain, even-tinted tone of the canvas! I rushed to the door panic-stricken, seized my hat from the table in the ante-room, fled down the stairs, and out of the house.

The pleasant evening air revived me; I began to collect myself a little, and to question whether I had not been a great fool—a nervous, highly-wrought, unreasoning fool. Was I not like a frightened child, dreading to be alone in the dusk, and who in its panic endows with life the shadow of some simple object, and thinks it has seen a bogie? No, I refused quite to accept this as the explanation. Out of condition as I was, I was not yet quite an imbecile; my wits had not all deserted me, and nothing, upon further consideration, would ever persuade me that I had been the prey of a mere hallucination. That there had been an unaccountable knock at my door I would swear with my last breath, and that cold shivering state which had supervened was no fancy. It was gone now; I was perfectly calm, and save for my one great anxiety—my sight—untroubled. Turning and looking up at the house as it stood, formal and gloomy in the twilight, for an instant I thought of re-entering, but I recoiled from the idea as soon as formed. No, I could not go back alone; weak, idiotic, contemptible as my conduct might seem, I shrank from the thought of entering those dusky rooms again without a companion. I was not forbidden to go out of doors in twilight or at night, and I determined to walk round to my doctor, and, as he knew the rooms, to confide in him, and ask him, as a favor, to go back with me for a while. Unluckily, as I then thought, he was from home—had gone into the country, and would not return until the following morning. Clearly I could not expose my weakness, if such it was, to any one else. I knew no one else in the place, and, not speaking German, could not attempt an explanation, even had I been willing, with the porter or with the waiter from the hotel, whence I had arranged my meals were to be sent. There was nothing for it then but to go back alone, unless I chose to rouse my servant, and really that would be too foolish; no, I must face it by myself. So, plucking up courage, I went straight back, re-entered the rooms, the doors of which I found just as I had left them, slightly ajar, lighted a candle, walked boldly up to the picture on the chair, and examined it. There was the animal, a spotted beast, panther, cheetah, whatever it was, exactly as my first casual look at it had suggested; a large and vigorous sketch in oil, evidently from a master's hand. While I was looking at it the waiter brought my supper. He spoke some English, but I disdained referring to what had happened; and, without any return of the shivering sensation, I soon went to bed and slept—slept till my servant, now seemingly all right again, brought me my coffee and roll in the morning.

"Bah! what an ass I have been!" I said to myself; but, directly, I thought straight back on the affair, and I was more convinced than ever that, whatever my conduct, its causes were facts. It was a bright, sunshiny morning, with that sort of dazzling light everywhere which I was, above all things, to avoid exposing myself to. So, after breakfast I sat in the darkened studio, with my man in the bedchamber reading to me. By this arrangement he could see the book and I could hear him through the half opened door of communication between the rooms, the separated doors of which, leading to the ante-room, were both closed. Well, we had thus been sitting for half an hour or so, and I had begun to be deeply interested in what I was listening to, when suddenly all my thoughts were distracted, all my wits scared, by the knock at the studio door exactly as before—the single gentle knock exactly like that last night. With it, too, on the instant came a slight renewal of the old shiver and creepy, goose-flesh feeling. My man ceased reading; he had heard the knock as plainly as I.

"What was that, sir?" he asked, presently. I called him in and, whispering, told him part of my experience of the previous evening. "Keep quiet and listen," I said, my teeth still chattering; "you will hear it again in a few minutes."

We were both silent, and, sure enough, after a short interval, there it was. He was going forward to the door; I checked him.

"No," I went on; "look out of the bedroom-door; go on tiptoe, and open it very softly, and see what you can make out."

"I need not open it at all, sir," he answered; "there is a window in it with a curtain right across it."

I followed him as he went back to the bedroom, and saw him gently draw aside the curtain, which I had not noticed.

"What do you see?" I whispered.

He was looking through into the ante-room. "Nothing," was the answer; "it is so dark."

But at that instant the knock was repeated.

"Can you not see the studio door?" I said.

"Yes, sir; I can just make it out, and I see

something shining in the middle of it, about three feet from the floor."

There was another pause, and in the silence the knock was heard again. We both drew back. Before we could either of us speak footsteps were on the landing, and I recognized the doctor's voice, speaking to the porter, who evidently was showing him up to my apartment. In another moment he had entered the bedroom, to my intense relief. Briefly and hastily I explained what had happened just then and the night before.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, in his broken English, "vy, it must be poor Cato! Oh, te most wonderful beast in de world! Tid I not tell you of Cato te cat? No, I taresay not. Mein friend Smitt has trained him to do all tings but speak. Fritz te porter has te charge of him; but of course he escape to make te examination of his master's rooms; he does not understand vy he is not to admit himself as usual."

"But," I interposed, "does he knock at the door when he wants to admit himself? How can he do that?"

"The doctor laughed, good-humoredly.

"Ah, I have not told you. No, naturlich. Smitt has put to leetle prass knocker on te door for him to strike. He always strike vis his paw when he want to come in; lift so vis his leetle hand—so;" and the doctor, still laughing, imitated the action with his hand against the corner of a hanging picture-frame. A light was beginning to break in upon me.

"And has Mr. Smith, may I ask, been painting Cato's portrait lately?"

"Oh, yes, te most wonderful likeness in te world; te most wonderful sketch, size of life—an illusion, a deception!"

"Ah, and it stands on the chair by the high window," I said.

"Yes; te favorite chair vair Cato sit always to catch for te mouse; the hole is tareby below. Smitt has made him to sit like as in his picture; or, as I should say, ze picture as like to him sitting. He stand it on te chair to make te deception complete; so tat when te cat is not there, te picture look as if te cat was to eat there."

"That was it, then, of course," I went on. "He knocked at the door. I opened it; he slipped by me unseen, and also unseen perched on his chair, just in front of his picture, until in the dusk I chanced to observe his tail move."

"Oh yes! oh yes! ten he see a mouse, and ah, ah! he pounce—that is, the cat out of the bag, as you say."

"Yes, of course," I said; and in the dusk, with my imperfect sight, I conceived it as I have related."

"Ah, tear me, yes; vot a fuss! how you have set your pulse going! Come now, be calm, and sit down."

We had walked into the study, and the cat, having slipped in, and knowing the doctor, advanced with a friendly purr to meet him. All the while I had been talking my old creepy feeling had been upon me, and now increased violently.

"Ah, to be sure; I see now," went on the doctor. "You are affected by the presence, electrically, of te cat. Yes, a strange instance, interesting to observe. You have known it before?"

"Never to this extent. I have never liked cats; this one is very peculiar," and I shrank within myself as the huge creature, remarkable alike for its size and dusky spotted coat, approached.

The doctor made a gesture of repelling it, speaking meanwhile to it in German. It seemed to understand in a moment, and with a bound lighted upon the chair in front of the picture, and, settling itself exactly in the same position, and exactly in front of its life-like presentation upon the canvas, looked, as it had done the night before, like a living portrait.

"Yes," mused the doctor, as he sat down beside me, still with his finger on my pulse, "it is very interesting, 'tis electric expression of te intimacy, curious to observe in you—very marked, increased doubtless by te depression of nervous energy under which you are suffering."

"Can you account for it scientifically?" I said, still shivering horribly.

"No; not easy," he answered, "to explain te physical alteration vich must be taking place in te anatomical substratum of your consciousness. Your Shakespeare knew of it, but not scientifically. He makes to old Shylock say:

"Some men are not love not a gaping pig;

"Some are mad if they behold a cat;

... for affection,

Mistress of passion, sways it to te mood

Of what it likes or loathes."

Fah! I will trive to beast out of te room; it is bad agitate to you. Cato, you must go to prison."

He drove the cat away, and took such precautions as prevented my being again disturbed by him during my month's residence in Düsseldorf—a month which, thanks to the skillful treatment I received, ended with the complete restoration of my sight, but not in my reconciliation to cats.

OVERLAND TO THE PACIFIC.

VIEWS IN SAN FRANCISCO—BALDWIN'S GREAT HOTEL.

IN the rapid strides which San Francisco is taking as a metropolis, the feature of hotels and their appointments is one of the most marked. San Francisco has become proverbial for its extravagance; and, to the superficial observer, this has great force as relating to hotels. Yet, when we come to consider the true mission of a hotel, we cannot only justify it, but laud the man who fosters it; and when we consider, too, the refining influences upon the senses, by harmonious, rich and aristocratic surroundings, the term extravagance loses its opprobrium, and becomes a crowning virtue associated with the subject at hand.

In illustrating to the world our American hotels in San Francisco, we select one of its leading institutions,

THE BALDWIN.'

As the traveler steps from the Overland boat, at the foot of Market Street, and wends his way up that great thoroughfare, he notices some distance ahead to the right a massive, portly mansion, supported by huge Ionic pillars, and capped by a

prominent cupola floating that old, time-worn emblem, the American flag, and sending, in all directions, scintillations from its pinnacled windows.

Having just arrived in a strange city, we are anxious to know where we are, and being informed that the top of the hotel affords a most picturesque and complete panorama of San Francisco and its surroundings, we determine to begin our acquaintance at this point and proceed downwards.

Being weary and dust-worn, you, of course, take a bath—either vapor, steam or water, all of which are at hand—and then enter the parlor steam-elevator, to be borne, with almost the swiftness of the wind, to the dome, for scarcely do you get yourself comfortably seated among this little cluster of velvet and damask, and begin to feel a little as a Turk in his divan, than the chivalric man at the brake applies his tension, stops his aerial car and cries "Top."

You alight. You are on top of the house—on the roof. You may have felt a little odd at first at an invitation to "go on top of the house"; and may have been reminded of a similar flight in some thickly populated city of the East, on a hot Fourth of July night. If you chance to feel that the elegance of your station is in any degree demeaned by accepting the invitation to "go on the roof," you are dispelled when you get there.

THE ROOF.

The building itself covers an area bordered by 210 feet on Market Street, 275 feet on Powell Street and 140 on Ellis Street. The roof being somewhat on the French plan or gothic, will measure a trifle less than this, and in its character is a leading feature of the hotel. It is inclosed by a pretty iron railing, such as is used for public parks or buildings of a princely character. In every direction are laid walks, and along these walks are festoons of flowers in their natural growth, twining themselves gracefully around the rare and antique urns from which they grow. The variety of semi-tropical and other plants here displayed enchant the ladies, while the gentlemen find their way into a quiet little nook or grotto known as the reading-room; or, perchance, to the smoking or billiard-room. All these are somewhat in miniature, compared with the large and spacious apartments for the same purposes in the interior of the building. They are after the fashion of Summer or court houses, and are charming places of resort. There is one feature here that deserves special attention. It is that of

THE LADIES' READING-ROOM.

This is a little Summer-resort that might have made even Croesus envious. We call it a reading-room; but from the occupations or pastimes indulged in there, a variety of other significant names might be added. Here the ladies resort in the cool of the afternoon with their needle or fancy work, crocheting, books, papers, games, etc., etc., and amid the perfume of the flowers and the cool of a vigorous atmosphere will often lose themselves in slumber.

It is said that there is one thing that is forbidden in this room—that is, gossip. But we don't believe it. At all events, it is also stated that by special application to Mr. Baldwin, a *carte blanche* for this sweet pastime may be procured. So the ladies need have no apprehensions on this point. This last is a feature peculiar to this hotel alone. No other hotel has it. It was an original idea of Mr. Baldwin's, and is a "happy thought" in the problem of "how to keep a hotel." To the outer edge of the several walks, and at equi-distances, are the rendezvous of the watchmen, who keep vigilance by night as well as day. These are cunning little abodes, and in the beauty they add to the general scene, suggest that they are an axiom in themselves—useful as well as ornamental. As a potent supplement to the watchman's vigilance, and in case of fire, there are stationed on this roof fourteen large tanks, in which it is estimated there are upwards of eighty-two thousand gallons of water constantly ready for use. The precautions against fire seem almost complete.

Along the different walks are gas-lamps, which are used when the moon plays truant, and the whole is an aerial garden.

At night when the shades of evening fall over the city, it is an interesting pastime to take your station on the top of this building, and try to count the twinkling lights as they make their appearance one by one over the city.

But, can you count the stars? Then you give it up as a bad job; and if Luna happens to favor you, you relax into one of those dreamy atmospheres that we all know something about. The whole surroundings seem to favor it, and you succumb.

But we must leave this eyrie and descend, or we shall become enchanted. As we descend many original characteristics, peculiar to this hotel and emblematic of its founder, present themselves. Although having come from the pure atmosphere of an exterior, you do not miss it in the perfect ventilation of the interior; and as you walk along the different halls and corridors, amid grotesque frescoes and tapestry, you are eniced from your recollections of rooky haunts, and are absorbed in new interest on every hand.

THE DINING-ROOM,

with its pure robe of white and gold, makes you long to linger; and while you do so, the delicate savor from the kitchen makes you hungry. The flower-stands, with their growing shrubs, cause you to realize, as thoroughly as though you were in Mexico, that you are in a land of flowers. And in leaving this room you feel truly that it is "a love of a

also attracted by the equableness of the atmosphere existing everywhere. Not only is the ventilation perfect, but the most sensitive organizations detect no draughts. This suggests some feature as peculiar to this hotel, as this condition is rarely perfectly met with. And in proportion as we are licensed to use the word "perfect" in its intrinsic sense, we would say that the ventilation of this hotel is perfect. The halls and public recesses throughout the building are spacious, light and airy.

The system of rooms, and suites of rooms, too, possess characteristics peculiar to this hotel. Doors connecting rooms belonging to one set, or suitable for a party of persons, are separated by ordinary single doors; but those separating different suites have a very convenient arrangement in a double door, which only admits from one side. On only one side of this door is there a lock or key-hole, and that side always facing the room. Upon opening this door you immediately confront another door without a face, but with simply a knob. This door leads to the next room. In case this door is locked, there is no possible means of ingress. These may be regarded as human safes, where both person and property may rest with perfect security.

And now we will descend flight after flight, being attracted here and there by the rich, massive damask and tapestry, and passing en route a most complete system of service rooms and their attendants, until we get

A PEEP INTO THE CELLAR.

There was a time in the history of California (and that was before she was California from a true American standpoint), when all the industries necessary to a proper sustenance were combined under one head. Those who have traveled over Spanish California, and made, to any extent, a study of the old Catholic missions established there over a century ago by the Spaniards, will understand this—how that, under one supervision, carpenters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, millers, farmers, weavers, tanners, shoemakers, and the like, were all gathered under one head and shared one particular interest. There were no outside or middlemen. All were producers. The society at large—the order of the missions—were their own middlemen, and protected each other's wants. Of course, only where unlimited, or at least extended, capital is at hand, can this be successfully carried out, and so the system is impracticable in all cases; but where it can be applied, it is not only a benefit as a labor-saving system, but admirable in its nature. History repeats itself, and nothing reminds us more of a return to these former conditions than a visit to the storehouses and supply-rooms of this vast hotel, located in the basement story. For instance, here is a large room fitted up as a grocery-store, where a man is in constant attendance to supply the wants of his customers, which customers are the very servants of his very master. Of course, no money changes hands; but in every other respect all the routine of a perfect business transaction is gone through. Charges are made, exchanges given, and at certain intervals books are balanced, accounts straightened, and the heads of the different departments held responsible for their investments to the other. It is a perfect "Play Keep Store" on a large scale, indeed, many of the supply departments being as large as an ordinary retail store of its kind. The grocery supply-room is larger and more complete than the average grocery store. The whole of the basement floor is one vast system of butcher-shop, bakery, grocery, crockery, engine-room, machine-shops, etc., etc. The last mentioned is no small part of the institution. By this, (or rather these, for there are several machine-rooms) a very essential motive-power is required. It is these that keep the tanks on top of the building constantly filled with water, as a protection against fire. It is these that supply the building with its warm water, steam the baths, run the elevator, etc. The varieties of motive machine-power here used are five in number, of different makes and capacities.

In most every case, too, each machine is supplemented by a second one held in reserve in case of accident or incapacity of any. It seems that almost everything has a double capacity here, and that delay, detention or accident is impossible.

It is somewhat of a query how such an institution can be run on the ordinary hotel rates. Here is, we think, where the expense of the middle-man comes in (or rather is left out). Mr. Baldwin has a double capacity even to himself in the person of the inventor, under whose supervision the hotel prospers in his absence. To go through this department and observe attentively all its appurtenances and accomplishments (we are told by those who have been there), reminds you of some world's fair; and we remind ourselves of a young man just from the country, who is around seeing the sights.

THE HOTEL

is admirably located, in a sanitary point of view, and scientifically located in point of light and heat. Being on a fork or point, which has its point of angle facing directly south, it gives to the building a triple frontage. And happily is this realized in some of the desirable suites of rooms. There is a suite of rooms in this building where, by simply wheeling around, the sun can be made to face you all the day long. As to the reading-room, writing-room, bar and billiard room, barber-shop, etc., we can simply point to them as marvels. If the descriptive powers had not been so wrought upon and exhausted in delineating these haunts, we should certainly attempt it. They are models in themselves; and should we succeed in thoroughly portraying their splendor, they would stand, like the virgin dining-room of this establishment, constant allurements to the public.

We must alude again to the dining-room; and with permission of the founder and author of it, would suggest the appellation alluded to—"virgin." In first entering this room, the soft light, the harmony of the frescoes and flowers, and the mellow effect of the contrast between the cream-white walls fringed with gold, forcibly suggested the idea. Any one with a ruffled temper—one who has got out of bed in the morning in a bad humor, or been troubled with the nightmare—has his nerves immediately readjusted when he enters the room to breakfast.

ITS FOUNDER.

In selecting this institution as an illustration of our American hotels, and in noticing the extensive and original application of all modern essentials, we are reminded of the thoroughgoing qualities of its founder. It seems that each and every modern improvement has been applied with an originality characteristic of its owner. We know of no such extensive institution where original application has been so completely and pleasingly grooved together. Mr. Baldwin is a man of a pleasing, courteous and affable nature, but with a self-reliant, tenacious will that makes circumstances bow to him, not him to them.

HIS SUCCESS.

Is well known. We have often known him as the "Lucky Baldwin." It seems that some more honorable appellation than this is due him. There is a

theory in philosophy that ignores consequences and is governed solely by past experience and present judgment that will not be swayed by apparent consequences. Consequences are bugaboos that scare when there is the least danger, and soothe where there is the greater. Mr. Baldwin seems to have instinctively understood this. Nothing could ever sway him from a course he had laid out or designed. Consequences might threaten him with the worst of fates, as they often have, to his last resort, but he would not bend or sway. He had laid his course upon principles and experiences, and, true to himself and those principles, he defended them, regardless of what consequences stared him in the face. This is the secret of his success.

THE THEATRE

connected with this house is undoubtedly one of the most richly furnished and elaborate theatres in the country. Again, here we notice a series of characteristics peculiar to the whole enterprise. All the best and choicest conditions adapt themselves here. In addition to the rich drapery and furniture of the interior, all the most favorable conditions for sound, scenic representations, comfort and safety seem to have been made complete. Unlike most theatres, within or connected with another building, this one has its own separate foundation walls, etc., etc. The stage in itself is supported by both side and foot walls, and the whole is so completely supported in itself that all the surroundings might be taken down and it remain intact. This feature alone is an admirable one in case of fire.

The private boxes are of two kinds—proscenium and mezzanine. In the former the curvature of angle is such as to give an unobstructed view of both audience and stage.

Acoustically the building is perfect; the slightest tones being distinctly heard in orchestra or gallery.

A DIAMOND PALACE.

The "Diamond Palace" is one of those institutions of San Francisco which now claim a place in every tourist's memoranda as among the many "brilliant flashes" of the Pacific metropolis. The Diamond Palace is nothing more nor less than a jewelry-store; in fact, it is something *more*, but nothing *less*. Possibly no other such institution under that simple appellation, "Jewelry Store," exists. In passing it, one is almost forced, inadvertently, to enter, and as he does so, he places himself under some enticing elements of allurement, and time flies unobserved.

The store occupies a prominent position under the old Russ House of San Francisco, and its chief characteristic is, that it is fitted up and almost entirely constructed of glass. The establishment is entered through a large and handsome vestibule, with doors on either side. In the centre of the vestibule is a prismatic-shaped case, constructed of French plate-glass, reflecting four-fold all the glittering jewels contained within, including the finest collection of diamonds on the coast.

After you enter the main store the reflections, which increase with an inconceivable ratio, dazzle your sight. It is almost bewildering, and one with anything like an ecstatic disposition is completely enchanted. You can scarcely realize that you are associating with material objects, but rather feel as though you could revel in the midst of these splendid creations. Doors, partitions, sidewalls, and casings, are all composed of plate glass. The floor is made of mosaic slabs. Twenty-nine French plate mirrors, nine feet long by six and a half feet wide, adorn each side of the salesroom. These are incased by fluted Corinthian columns of ebony and gold. A series of counters and show-cases, forming a complete parallelogram, run the whole length of the store, mounted with ornaments of all descriptions and values.

The ceiling is arched, and its fresco modeled after that of the Grand Opera House, Vienna. Eighteen glass chandeliers are suspended from the ceiling, each having two hundred and twenty prisms, and one hundred and forty lights altogether, and when multiplied by the many mirrors it is a fine sight to behold. The show-case has on top a revolving glass pyramid which displays the jewels and gems to the best advantage. Revolving pyramids are also on the inside of each, where the diamond goods are displayed. The counters are of glass, and reflect many times. As there are no shelves in the store these counters are specially adapted for silverware. At the back part of the store a large sliding door opens into the owner's private office. Here the first object the eye beholds is a huge vault, equal to that in many of our banks. The room is spacious enough also to display some very fine specimens of clocks, bronzes and silverware.

The owner employs a force of sixty-two hands in all his large business. He manufactures all kinds of jewelry, the specialty being quartz and moss-agate goods. The fine store we have essayed to describe requires five months to fit it up and furnish it. It carries a stock of four hundred thousand dollars. The proprietor pays a rent every month that would support a family of six in good style.

Perhaps no other person but Colonel A. Andrews, the proprietor, would have risked a like capital in a like business, but in proportion to the risk is the success or failure of an enterprise; and Colonel Andrews being one of those pertinacious men whose will holds fate in subordination, the Diamond Palace has proven a great success.

One great feature of this establishment is its originality. Colonel Andrews brings the works of several leading watch manufacturers to San Francisco, and there, under his own supervision, has them cased to suit the taste and fancies of his customers. This is a characteristic feature of this establishment, and one which evidently "takes." It is well known that the purity of metal used in San Francisco (being in the "land of gold") is much superior to that used in the East. Taking advantage of this, Mr. Andrews has worked up a patronage from all parts of the country in this special branch.

We would advise all our friends visiting the Pacific Coast to drop into this Aladdin's Palace.

VALLEY FORGE CENTENNIAL.

THE celebration on Wednesday, June 19th, of the Valley Forge Centennial recalls attention to a period in our national history, and to incidents illustrative of the sufferings and heroism of our forefathers, which should never be forgotten. The day observed by centennial exercises commemorated the anniversary of the breaking up of the camp at Valley Forge, from which an era of reviving prosperity in the Colonial struggle had its date. The year 1777, with victories at Saratoga and Bennington, had practically decided the success of the struggling colonists in New England and Northern New York, but in the Middle States the Revolutionary cause seemed to be hopelessly eclipsed. An overwhelming force had been moved by General Howe against Philadelphia, and the city, then the capital, had fallen into his possession after the

defeat of Washington at Brandywine. The Colonial leader, beaten at Germantown, in December, 1777, retreated to Valley Forge, twenty miles from Philadelphia, where the little army went into Winter quarters. The sufferings of the poorly clothed and scantily fed, but heroic, band during the Winter that ensued are too familiar to need recapitulation here. During the month of February of that Winter, 3,980 men in the camp were unfit for duty for want of clothing. Of this number scarcely a man had a pair of shoes. Although the total of the army exceeded 17,000 men, the present effective rank and file amounted to only 5,012. The situation of the camp was so eminently critical on the 14th of February that General Varnum wrote to General Greene "that in all human probability the army must dissolve." On the 16th of the same month Washington wrote to Governor Clinton: "For some days past there has been little less than a famine in camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh meat, and the rest three or four days." It was no wonder that, in the midst of conditions so harsh and discouraging, the hopes of the Colonies almost expired.

But it was just at this very point that the tide of disaster turned. General Massy sings that "the deepest dark reveals the starriest hope," and it proved to be so with the despairing Colonists. During the Winter, General Steuben joined the army and undertook with ardor the task of disciplining and drilling it; and in February the alliance with France was formed. By superb generalship—the simple policy of waiting—Washington beat Howe, and on the 17th of June that General evacuated Philadelphia. The American leader broke camp on the 19th and followed, pressing the enemy in his retreat to New York, and fighting the doubtful battle of Monmouth on July 8th, near Freehold, New Jersey. After that time the cause was virtually won in the New England and the Middle States, the British holding only Rhode Island and this city; and the battle-field was transferred to

The centennial exercises on the 19th of June occupied the day, and included a memorial service at nine o'clock in the morning, followed by a military display and grand review of the troops by Governor Hartman and staff, General Winfield S. Hancock and staff, and other distinguished visitors, and by services later in the day under the shelter of a great tent erected for the occasion. These services were attended by some 30,000 people. Governor Hartman presided, and made a brief speech. A poem was then read by Rev. F. G. Walker, of Philadelphia, and after the singing of "The American Hymn," Colonel T. W. Bean, of Norristown, read extracts from an historical paper, and a poem by Mrs. M. E. Thropp Cone was also read. The oration of the day was delivered by Henry Arnett Brown. All centennial observances which commemorate the patriotism of the fathers serve to deepen the popular appreciation of the value of our republican institutions, and richly deserve, therefore, the recognition so generally bestowed upon them.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

England.—Fatal Collision between German Ironclads off Folkestone.

The loss of life caused by the collision between the German ironclads *Koenig Wilhelm* and the *Großer Kurfürst*, and the sinking of the latter off Folkestone, in the English Channel, on May 31st, is now estimated as large as the first accounts reported, viz., 284. The *Großer Kurfürst* was going at nine or ten knots and the *Koenig Wilhelm* at least five or six. The actual shock was very slightly felt on board the *Koenig Wilhelm*, though it did great damage to her bows. The ship lurched heavily on the opposite side, while a crushing and tearing sound filled the air as the stem of the *Koenig Wilhelm* sheared away everything from the point where she struck to the stern, ripping off the armor plating like the skin of an orange. The blow came at an angle variously described as somewhere between a right angle and an angle of forty-five, and caught the *Großer Kurfürst* between the main and mizzen masts. The *Großer Kurfürst*, from the speed she had attained, was barely checked in her course by the collision, but grated past the stem of the *Koenig Wilhelm*, leaving a vast gap in her side. The bowsprit of the *Koenig Wilhelm* fouled her rigging and brought down the Mizzen-topgallant mast on the quarter-deck. The quarter-boats were swept away, and the doomed ship first staggered over on the opposite side from the force of the blow, and then reeled back, when the sea rushed into the great hole in her side. Below water all must have been destroyed, for the ram of the *Koenig Wilhelm* gives deadly indication, by the injuries it has received, of the work it did underneath. In the afternoon of the same day the *Preussen* and the *Koenig Wilhelm* proceeded to Portsmouth, where the latter was immediately docked. The appearance presented by her bow is shown in one of our illustrations. The ram has certainly proved most effectually destructive, but, at the same time, it has demonstrated the weakness of its own construction. Viewed from the bottom of the dock, the ram and portion of the stem itself are seen to be twisted over to the port side at an angle of 45 degrees, and the bottom plating and the armor above gapes wide open from within a few feet of the keel to the upper deck, all the rivets (tapped rivets) which secured them to the stem being, in shipbuilding parlance, sheared—that is, the heads drawn through the holes or broken off. The armor-plating terminating at the armor-shell has left the stem by shearing off the rivets, and the stem itself is broken short off at the armor-shell, and also at its scarf, some six feet below the ram.

France : The Paris Exhibition.—South American Pavilion and Dining-room in the Prince of Wales's Pavilion.

We have before now spoken of and illustrated the important avenue in the Champ de Mars known as the Street of Nations, and this week we give a representation of the pavilion erected by the associated Republics of South America. The structure is designed in the Renaissance style of architecture, with an arcade surrounded by a projecting covered balcony, and with a profuse introduction of decorative features, pillars with enormous sculptural bases and capitals, triglyphs, and pediments and pinnacles, which have a rather a grotesque effect, but which recalls to mind the style of architecture prevalent in Mexico, Peru, Chili, etc. The portion is copied from the ancient Indian city of Huancayo, decorated with bas-relief and hieroglyphics found in the ruins of Huancayo. The Prince of Wales's Pavilion, which forms one of the chief features of the International Street, was erected by the Royal Commission from the designs of their architect, M. Gilbert R. Redgrave, and the interior has been fitted up by a number of British exhibitors from designs expressly prepared for the occasion. The internal decorations are mainly in the Jacobean style, and this is especially noticeable in the dining-room, which is the first apartment entered from the hall. The massive mantelpiece and wainscoting are in handsomely carved American walnut, sparingly relieved here and there by panels of a lighter wood, the furniture being of the same material, and the hangings and upholstery are in moss green. Above the

wainscoting, which, by-the-way, is richly inlaid with devices in wood and ivory, are eight panels containing Gobelin tapestries, which harmonize admirably with the other fittings, and which represent episodes from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," all worked by the Royal Windsor Tapestry Manufactory, which has also supplied a portrait of Her Majesty, placed in a circular panel over the mantelpiece. The ceiling of this room is in boldly-coffered panels, like some of the old Venetian work of the sixteenth century. The effect produced on the mind of the spectator on entering the room is marvelous, and is still further heightened by the soft-colored rays which fall from the stained glass skylight. The Prince's morning room, though in a less pronounced style, is exceedingly handsome, being fitted up in rosewood, and being repainted with Japanese lacquered, bronze, and ivory ornaments of every description, Japanese subjects being also worked on the *appliqués* fringe and panels, which come from the hands of the Royal School of the Ladies' Work Society. Of the other rooms we need only mention the drawing-room, where the embroideries on the curtains and furniture have been worked by the Royal School of Art Needlework; and the Princess's boudoir, the latter an octagon room, exceedingly tastefully fitted up in blue satin, and *marqueterie* of the period of Louis XVI.

Russia.—Reception of the Shah of Persia at St. Petersburg.

The second visit of the Shah of Persia to Europe will be in marked contrast with the first, because of his intention to travel *incognito*. Although the Czar of Russia attempted to swerve him from this determination, in order to have a round of regal festivities prepared in his honor, the Shah declined to alter his plan. Arriving in St. Petersburg on May 23d, while considerable deference was paid to his wishes, he found a goodly number of officers and citizens assembled at the railway station. The Czar himself was in waiting in an open carriage; and the two sovereigns were driven to the Palace, accompanied by an escort of Circassian horsemen, many of them in brilliantly colored costumes. The houses along the route were profusely decorated with flags, and the whole scene, lit up as it was with bright sunshine, was picturesque in a high degree. A gala performance was given in his honor at the Opera House, and the Czar ordered a grand review of the troops. After remaining in the city five days the Shah left for Warsaw, on his way to Berlin.

Egypt.—Arrival of Native Indian Troops at Port Said, en route to Malta.

The steamer *Goa*, with a portion of the Twenty-fifth Madras (native Indian) Infantry, and towing the *Duke of Athole* carrying the remainder, arrived at Suez on May 16th. It was impossible for the steamer to tow her sailing consort through the Canal, so the two vessels passed through independently, the *Athole* being in tow of the canal-tug *Alexandra*, the *Goa* taking charge of her again on leaving Port Said. The tug is represented in the engraving just casting off the *Athole*, while the *Goa* is coaling in readiness to take her on. During the brief stay at Port Said the native officers took an opportunity of paying their first visit to an English man-of-war. They all seemed to have a vague idea they would see England before returning to India. Rumors have been current for some time that the Queen will pay a visit in state to Malta to inspect the Indian troops as Empress of India. Such a visit would be a good stroke of policy in case the services of the Indian contingent are not required by a state of Anglo-Russian hostility.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Dogs belonging to widows and orphans in Texas are not taxed.

Atlanta proposes to spend \$40,000 in her Fourth of July celebration.

Tennessee has nearly 700 more public schools in operation than it had last year.

The total number of Slavs is 90,492,160, chiefly inhabiting the Empire of Russia.

The State Auditor of Virginia reports satisfactory returns from the Moffet register.

Lighting the British Museum by means of the electric light is seriously talked of in London.

The study and practice of gymnastics are to be made compulsory in all the State schools in Italy.

The total value of the foreign exports from the port of Charleston, for the year 1877, was \$16,018,092.

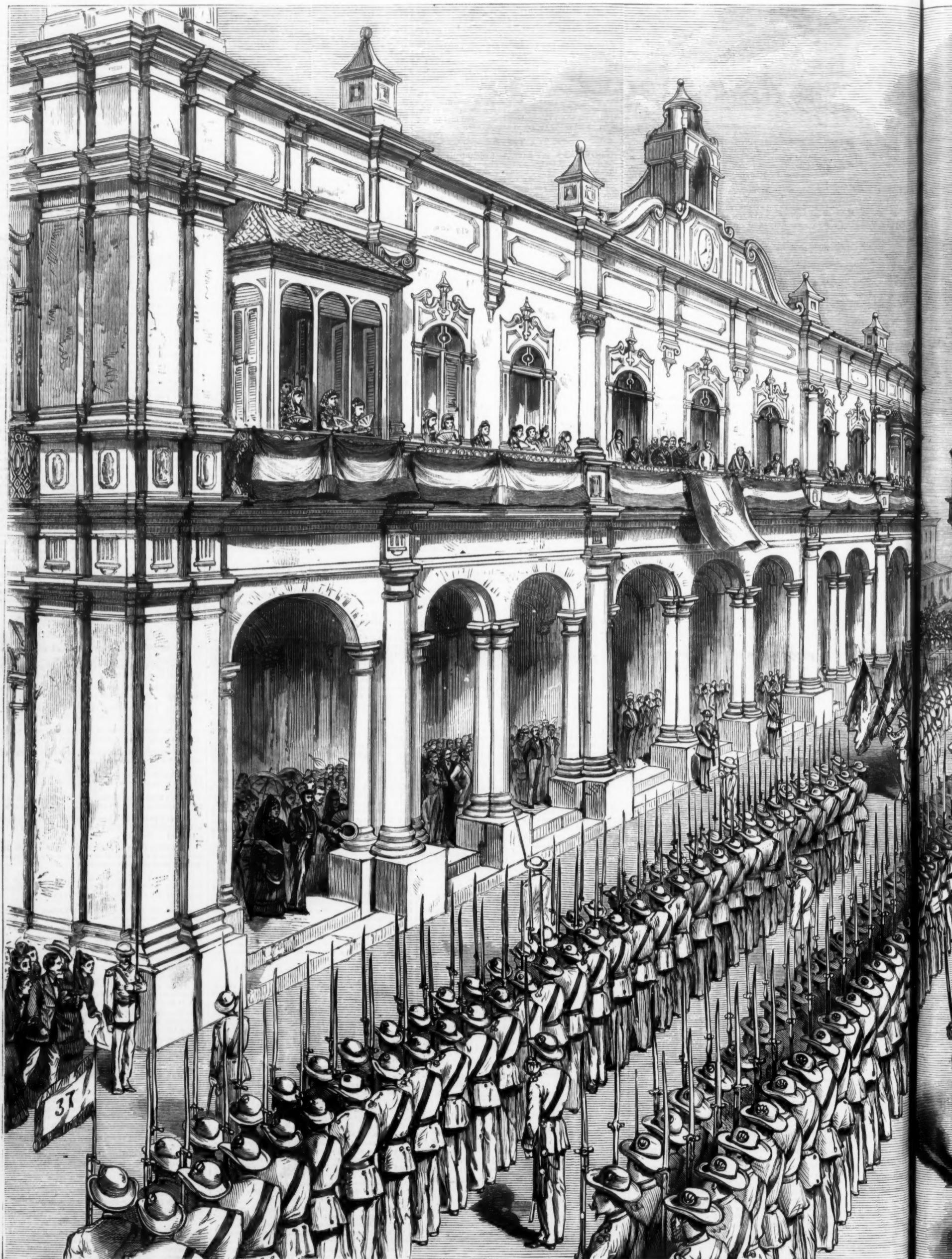
Next year the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum is to be celebrated at Pompeii.

In some parts of Algeria the women, even the poorest, are permitted to show only one eye, the other features being entirely concealed.

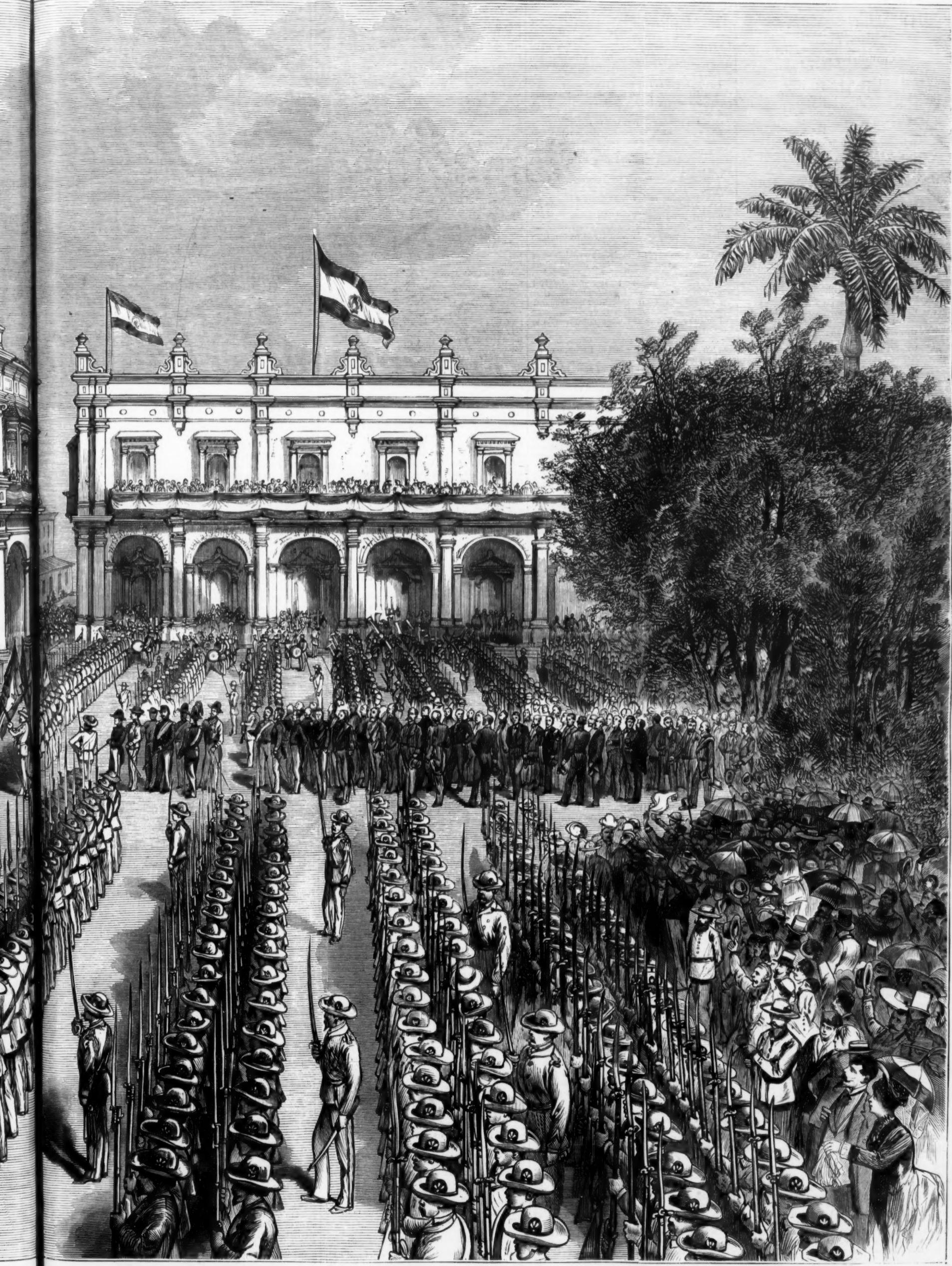
As many as 7,000 salmon are often taken at one haul of the seine in Alaska, some of them weighing from forty-five to one hundred pounds each.

The Fish and Game Association of Alexandria, Va., recommends the extermination of the English sparrow by any possible plan that may be suggested.

One of the twenty scholarships recently established by the Free School of Political Sciences in Paris for foreigners has been allotted to the University of Virginia.



CUBA.—THE GREAT FESTIVITIES IN HAVANA, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE IN CUBA—REVIEW OF THE TROOPS IN THE PLAZA DE ARMAS.—F.



RECEIPT OF GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS, ON HIS RETURN FROM THE FIELD, BY CAPTAIN-GENERAL JOVELLAR, JUNE 13TH.
LAZA DE LAS.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOHN HENRY MORRIS.—SEE PAGE 307.

THE ENDLESS PROCESSION.

DOWN the vista of the ages,
Saints and sinners, fools and sages
Marching onward, slow and solemn,
'Go in never-ending column;
Here the honest, here the knave;
With a rhythmic step sublime,
To the grave.

Like the rolling of a river,
Going on and on for ever,
Never resting, never staying,
Never for an instant straying,
Peer and peasant, lord and slave,
Equals soon to mix and mingle
In the grave.

Duty cannot, nor can pleasure,
For a moment break the measure;
They are marching on to doom,
They are moving to the tomb,
All the coward, all the brave,
Soon to level all distinction
In the grave.

Since the morning of creation,
Without break or termination,
Ever on the line is moving,
All the loved and all the loving,
All that mothers ever gave—
On to silence and to slumber
In the grave.

Here no bribe the bond can weaken,
Here no substitute is taken;
Each one for himself—no other,
Son nor father; nor, nor brother;
Love the purest cannot save;
Each alone the roll must answer
At the grave.

Who commands the dread procession
That shall know no retrogression?
Who can be the great director?
Ha! that grim and grisly spectre,
Him that Sin to Satan gave;
Death, the mighty King of Terrors,
And the grave.

FRANK J. OTTARSON.

ROY'S WIFE.

BY
G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—DO YOU REMEMBER?

WHAT should he do with himself in the meantime? He looked at his watch. It was a little after four. The Academy had not yet opened, Hurlingham was too far off, Prince's was sure to be empty at this hour, and, with the thermometer scarcely ten degrees above freezing, nobody would be in the Park. There was still a long blank to fill up before the earliest possible dinner, and the only choice of pastime lay between a visit to Christie and Manson's and a Turkish bath.

He had almost decided in favor of the latter, when a victoria pulled up with a jerk so close to the curbstone, that its stiff leather wing brushed his elbow, while a lady bent on shopping, and enveloped in furs, landed on the pavement under his very nose.

"Good gracious, Mr. Roy!" exclaimed a voice that had haunted him for many a weary day since he last heard it, and that he had not quite forgotten even now. "Is it you or your ghost? What age since we met! I can't say how glad I am to see you again!"

It was Lady Jane, and nobody else! The Lady Jane of whom he had taken leave long years ago, under the elms in Kensington Gardens, with a few hurried words of sorrowing kindness and goodwill, sorely curtailed because of that matron's proximity to whom Jane had been temporarily intrusted, and who "stood in" with the lovers, but only to a limited extent.

Now, the one was a prosperous widow, already out of black; the other, a husband, whom we may term unattached, smarting under a sense of conjugal ill-usage, and disposed to separate himself conclusively from his wife.

Lady Jane could not but feel gratified by the confusion of his manner while he returned her greeting. Though a woman's empire has been swept away ever so completely, she likes to think that its glories are not wholly forgotten. What is it all but a dream—an illusion, of which, perhaps, memory is the sweetest and most substantial charm!

"I—I hope you're quite well," stammered the gentleman; "I didn't know you were in town."

"How should you?" she answered kindly, and with perfect self-possession. "It is a century since you and I have forgotten each other—or tried to, at any rate."

The last very faintly, and with a downcast look that used to be most effective. "When at close quarters aim low!" was her maxim, and Lady Jane's fire could do execution still.

"Do not say forgotten," he replied, trying to recover himself, as behoved a man of the world. "It's not so very long, after all; and to look at you, it seems as if we had been walking together only last week!"

"You always used to flatter one," she answered coquettishly. "Now, will you come and see me? Don't say no, for the sake of old times."

"When?"

"Any day. To-day, if you like. I am always in at five. I am on my way home now. Twenty-seven in the next street. I shall expect you in a quarter of an hour."

There were but a few minutes to talk, and they passed quickly enough. He walked like a man in a dream. He felt as if his Mexican life, his return home, his vegetation at Royston Grange, even his marriage to Miss Burton, were fancies of the sleeper that had disappeared with morning light. Yes, he was awake now, and nothing seemed real but Lady Jane.

Very real, too, and more substantial than of old. Face and figure were both rounder and fuller than when they last parted, all those years ago; but, like many English beauties, the first love's maturity was handsomer than her girlhood, and, had it been otherwise, what matter? The charm was in her eyes and voice; still, it woke up feelings that had only slept, while he believed them dead. John Roy began to think that, with-

out knowing it, he might have been in love with two women at once all the time.

"Lady Jane at home?"

"Yes, sir," and mounting a dark staircase, pervaded by a heavy odor of hot-house plants, he found himself bowing over her ladyship's white hand, with more of deference, and even devotion, than is absolutely essential to politeness in a mere morning call.

But he began to talk about the weather, nevertheless, forgetting, in his perturbation, that when conversing with a lady it is only good manners, and saves a deal of trouble besides, to let her "make the running" from end to end.

She wasted little of her energies on the east wind. Before his tea was cool enough to drink, she asked him pointedly whether he found her much altered, and wondered that he recognized her at once!

"I should have known you anywhere," he answered. "Do you think I forgot so easily?"

The cream-jug in her hand shook a little, perhaps by accident.

"What is all one's life," she returned, "but trying to forget? It's the lesson everybody has to learn. I fancy it comes harder to women than men."

"You succeeded pretty easily. You didn't want much teaching; perhaps you've a natural talent independent of education."

"Why do you say that? It's unkind. If I wanted to be rude, I should say it's untrue. How can you tell what I have thought or not thought, done or not done, since—since we were both young and foolish? You've not taken much trouble to find out."

She had ingeniously turned the tables, and put him on his defense. He looked foolish, and replied vaguely:

"Did you ever expect to see me again?"

"No. But I hoped it?"

"Lady Jane, were you *really* glad to meet me? Do you mean that you still—that you still—"

"Let me give you some more tea. No? Well, sit down again; don't go away yet. I want you to tell me all about your wife."

His face fell, and he fidgeted in his chair. With a woman's tact, she saw there was something wrong, and continued in the same easy, confidential tone:

"I was pleased—yes—I think I was *really* pleased to hear of your marriage. I had a great mind to write and congratulate you."

"Why didn't you?"

"Well, there were reasons. If my poor husband had been alive, I should have done it frankly enough. Matrimony is the best and happiest state for people, after all."

"I am glad you found it so. It is not everybody's experience. I am rather of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that marriages would turn out better if they were arranged by the Lord Chancellor."

"Mine was. At least, we could do nothing without his consent. My poor husband did not come of age till he was five-and-twenty. It made a great many complications, and at one time I very nearly changed my mind."

"But it answered? You were happy together, I suppose?"

"We got on very well. Yes—I can't say it answered badly. He did everything I told—I mean, I asked him. Still, Mr. Roy, when people are to pass their whole lives together, it's a fearful risk. However little one expects, one is sure to be disappointed."

"But you married a man in your own station; that is a great point. You never could have borne with somebody you were ashamed of. Mr. De Banier came of a very old family, I believe?"

"Very. But—but his father was in a trade all the same. No; I shouldn't say the De Baniers were exactly in our own set. Do you think that matters so much?"

"I think it is the most important consideration of all."

"What! More important than that people should like each other?" You used not to be so practical. Do you remember our argument on that very subject at Lady Yorkminster's ball?"

"Do you?"

"Every word of it. I could tell you the very names of the couples that passed us on their way to the tea-room. I could tell you the number of the dance we sat out. I believe I've got my card still. You had a white flower in your button-hole, and I wondered whether it was given you by my cousin Blanche."

"What a memory you have! Is it of the head or the heart?"

"Nonsense! Tell me about yourself. When did you come to town? Where are you staying? I am dying to know Mrs. Roy."

He hesitated; but she looked so kind, so sympathizing, and withal so handsome, that he took the plunge.

"Lady Jane," said he, "I don't mind your knowing the truth. The fact is, we—we—don't get on very well together, and Mrs. Roy is not with me at present."

She tried to seem sorrowful and commiserating, but there was a latent sparkle in her blue eyes, a something of satisfaction in her tone, while she answered:

"I am so grieved to hear it. Don't you think, Mr. Roy, if you tried patience and kindness, she might be brought to reason? I can't understand anybody quarreling with you!"

There is an *esprit de corps* in the sex which prompts every woman ostensibly to stand up for another. It takes but little persuasion, however, to satisfy her that the erring sister is wholly in the wrong.

"I have my faults," he answered, "but I don't think I am inclined to be hasty or unreasonable. Lady Jane, I will trust you entirely, and I feel sure you will not abuse my confidence. In the first place, were you surprised to hear of my marriage?"

"A little. I thought—I thought—never mind what I thought."

"Well, it seems to be one's fate to make some great mistake in life sooner or later. I wonder whether the lady I chose was the least sort of person you would have expected me to marry. I did a foolish thing, and now I have to pay for it."

Sympathy and curiosity, two very strong motives, prompted her ladyship to discharge a volley of inquiries, but she possessed a large share of discretion which is only acquired in the uninterrupted training of society, and contented herself with kindly glance and a sigh of commiseration.

"My wife," he continued, "though well-born and well-educated, is not—is not exactly one of the people you are accustomed to meet. In short, she don't quite understand the ways of society. You see, she has never lived much in the world."

"Has she been presented at Court?" interrupted Lady Jane, earnestly. "That is where the line should be drawn. I heard she had not."

"Then you did hear about my marriage?"

"Of course. I was interested, and I asked. Can you wonder?"

"I never wonder. Still, there is such a thing as an agreeable surprise. I thought I had passed out of your life, and that even my name never came into your head."

"You thought nothing of the kind. Do you suppose a woman gives up her—her friendships in that way, even under the hardest pressure, without scruple or regret? How little you understand us! Well, well—that's over and done with now! Let me hear all about it, Mr. Roy. Were you *very* much in love?"

"With Lady Jane? Yes; I am sure I told her so often enough."

"And she believed you. One need not be ashamed of the truth now. But you understand what I mean. Were you very much in love with your wife when you proposed to her—let me see, only the end of last Summer? or was it one of those scrapes men get into from sheer laziness, and want of moral courage to say No?"

He had chivalry enough to scorn the loophole she left for his escape.

"Yes, I was in love with her," he answered, rather sadly. "I thought she would have made me happy. Never mind, I can do without her. I dare say it's all for the best."

"Poor Mr. Roy!" murmured her ladyship, "I am sorry. You know I am, don't you?"

"I know you have a kind and sympathizing nature, Lady Jane," he answered, putting on his gloves as with intention of presently taking leave; "that is why I am inflicting my troubles on you now. It's not a long story, and I will begin at the beginning. Last Summer I went to Beachmouth, simply because I was bored at home, meaning to have a dip in the sea, spend Sunday and go back. Lady Jane, I staid there three weeks."

"You found the Sundays so amusing, I conclude."

"Every day was a holiday. Each seemed brighter than the last. I never was so happy in my life. Never—but once."

"I am not going to ask you when that was. Go on."

"The very first evening I was struck by the appearance of a lady staying at the hotel; and next day, through the merest accident, I succeeded in making her acquaintance. I found her frank, pleasant, unaffected and handsomer even than I thought."

"Dark or fair?"

"Dark, with beautiful black hair."

"How odd! You never used to admire dark women. Well, how long did this seaside romance go on before—excuse me, Mr. Roy—before you made a fool of yourself?"

"Not long. We met half a dozen times a day. I thought she seemed to like me, and soon hardened my heart to ask whether she really did or not. Then she told me all about herself, making no secret of her birth or bringing-up. Her father was a bookseller, and her aunt kept an hotel."

"Mr. Roy, how could you?"

"I could and did. We were married in London, and I carried her off to Royston Grange, firmly persuaded that with a few hints, and a little practice among our country neighbors, she would make as good a lady as if she had been registered in the stud-book—I beg your pardon; I mean the peerage."

"They never do. You see it didn't answer."

"That was no fault of mine. I took the greatest pains—explained everything, rehearsed everything. She wasn't obstinate, she wasn't exactly stupid; but somehow she seemed unable to take it in. After a time she lost her spirits, grew pale and silent; but declared there was nothing the matter, even while she looked up from her work with eyes full of tears."

"Poor thing! Perhaps she was unhappy."

"She was unhappy, Lady Jane, but not about me. Yesterday, at a moment's notice, she left her home during my absence, so far as I can learn, without a companion of any kind."

Lady Jane pondered.

"Have you reason to suspect that she—that she cares for anybody in particular?"

"I had, and now I have not. I am puzzled—I am at my wit's end. She left no letter, no message. I am not even sure that she is in London. A man can't well advertise for his wife—can't have her cried like a lost dog. Lady Jane, what would you advise me to do?"

"Nothing!" answered her ladyship, with decision.

"That is always safe. Go about among your friends—show yourself everywhere. If people ask after Mrs. Roy, say you have come up to take a house, and she is to join you in London. Then they will insist on their own favorite situation, and that changes the subject. In the meantime, confide in nobody but me. You may be sure I have your welfare at heart. When shall I see you again? Come and dine here to-morrow. My sister is in town; I'll ask her to meet you, and we will go to the French play. Good-by, Mr. Roy, but not for quite so long as last time. To-morrow, at half-past seven. Don't forget."

He bent over the hand she gave him till his lips almost touched her rings, and walked down-stairs, thinking the world a much better place to live in than it seemed an hour or two ago.

CHAPTER XIX.—IN THE WILDERNESS.

LIKE Hagar in her banishment, Nelly felt utterly desolate and forlorn when she turned her back on the home that had once seemed such a paradise, in which but a few weeks ago she had promised herself long years of wedded happiness and love. Like Hagar, too, she was faint and weary from physical exhaustion. Mr. Roy's displeasure had taken away her appetite for breakfast, and she forgot all about luncheon, though it was ready on the table when she went away. It cost her a painful effort to preserve composure before the servants at the hall-door, and she parried with difficulty the curiosity of her maid, who could not understand why Mrs. Roy had packed her trunk with her own hands, or how that lady could possibly dispense with her ministrations for a single night.

At the station, too, where she arrived long before the train, her footman seemed exceedingly loath to be dismissed with the carriage as ordered, and proposed, though scarcely in good faith, to return on foot the whole way, rather than not see Mrs. Roy's luggage into the guard's van with his own eyes. When these objections had been overruled, and the trot of the dear horses had died out on the far high-road, our outcast felt very forlorn indeed. Behind her was the still fondly beloved patriarch on whom she could not bear to think; before her, a future too vague and gloomy to contemplate; while about her brooded the desolate silence of an unfrequented railway-station.

Poor Hagar turned into the ladies' waiting room to cry. No doubt it did her good, but, looking in the glass over the fireplace, she could not but observe that her eyes were swollen and her nose was red.

Presently a spectral arm, shot out from the signal-post, denoted the arrival of her train. It was time to emerge and take a ticket. She shrank back to her hiding-place, nevertheless, in considerable vexation and dismay when she caught sight of Lord Fitzowen on the platform, laughing and talking with a young man of his own age, in dress, manners, and appearance an exact counterpart of himself.

"Of all people on earth," thought Nelly, "this is the last I wanted to meet. How can I explain to him why

visitor after visitor poured into the hotel, but no Mr. Roy.

He was differently employed. Putting off, from week to week, his intention of going back, he left Mrs. Mopus, much to her contentment, in sole command at Royston Grange, while he amused himself with the gayeties of early Spring in London, and devoted his spare time to the dangerous society of Lady Jane.

It was not long before people began to talk. "So sorry we could not come to you, my dear; we dined with Lady Jane de Banier. Whom had you? Mr. Roy, of course! It's really getting too bare-faced. She has not been a widow eighteen months, and there she is, flaunting about in colors, and I don't know what all, with a married man! It's true, my dear, I assure you. There's a wife hidden away somewhere in the country. Lord Fitzowen has seen her, and declares she is perfectly beautiful. Jane ought really to be spoken to. One *must* draw a line; and if nobody else has courage to give her a hint, I will do it myself."

So Jane was spoken to, with the usual result. She resented such interference warmly, and became only the more engrossed with her present fancy, that it was represented as injurious to the future of her children, and hazardous to her own good name. "I suppose you would have me go about in a yashmak, with a guard of what-d'you-call-'ems," protested her ladyship, tossing her head in high dudgeon. "Thank you, I'd rather not! I am a Christian woman, in a Christian country, and I think I am the best judge of my own conduct."

Then she had a quiet little cry, and sat down to write an incoherent note to Mr. Roy, entreating him not to come near her again, which brought him to her door in a violent hurry within half an hour of its delivery.

It must be admitted, however, that although her friends expressed great dissatisfaction among themselves, they dined with her readily enough, notwithstanding the obnoxious Mr. Roy, issuing their own invitations to the imprudent couple freely in return, so as to afford them every opportunity of meeting at home and abroad.

Ere long the one was never asked to anything without the other, and an easy-going world made up its mind to recognize this indiscreet renewal of former intimacy as "an established thing."

(To be continued.)

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.

BY MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

NASSAU.—GRANT'S TOWN—NATIVE AFRICANS—THE SHOUTING CHURCH—AUNT PHEBE—OLD GUNNY-BAG'S HUT.

ONE pleasant afternoon we ordered our sable coachman to drive us to Grant's Town, where we had been advised that the negro population almost exclusively dwell in conditions as nearly approximating those of their native Africa as can well be imagined.

Nor is the phrase native Africa as hyperbolical as it may sound, for some time within the last half-century several cargoes of negroes bound for the Spanish West Indies were captured by the English, and landed on this island, where they were assigned lands in this suburb and in Bayne's Town, an adjoining settlement.

Many of these imported Africans are still alive and have preserved their native customs, dialect, and mode of life intact, some of them being entirely ignorant of the English language.

Grant's Town—named for an ex-dignitary of Nassau and not for our late President—is the more fashionable and modern of these localities, but is still as vivid a picture of the real African village as limned and described by Livingstone, Baker and others, as need be desired. It principally consists of one long street, so straight and level that the eye travels along it for a mile or more until the two lines of waving palms and bananas bordering the street converge and blend into a charming vista.

Nestled among these and the other tropical fruit trees which crowd the little plots of ground are the low white walls and thatched roofs of the tiny cottages, some of them not ten feet square—but every one of them the abode of a family of indefinite and marvelous extent, for although few of these cabins contain more than one bed, some half-dozen persons habitually find their rosy rest beneath the one thatched roof.

Beside the bed, there is commonly a wooden rocking-chair, covered with calico, where the grandmother of the family sits and croons over one of the two or three babies belonging to every establishment, while the mother stands gossiping at the road-side in the true enjoyment of genuine African luxury, for the cocoanut, the banana, the orange, sapodilla and kindred fruit grow on every side almost without culture; the weather is never cold, and Sambo earns the family subsistence by one or two languid days' work in each week.

On the rare occasions when the *mater familiæ* undertakes such labor as washing or cooking, she retires to a little shed attached to the cabin, where an elevation built of stone and mortar represents a fireplace, in which some dried weeds and sticks produce, with plenty of smoke, heat enough to boil or roast the yams, or stew the rice and pork and bake the corn-cake, which, with fruit and sugar-cane, form the family food.

The girls and boys who, in the morning, throng the porch of the hotel, mostly live in Grant's Town, as well as a good many of the unreliable servants who torment the lives of foreign employers. Some of the men find work upon the wharves, others go to sea; but, on the whole, the problem of how to evade Adam's curse, and enjoy life free from labor and anxiety, seems as nearly reached in this favored spot as anywhere upon earth.

We made two calls—one upon a fat, jolly Congo matron, who sat in a house about as big as a sentry-box, with a string of herrings at one side and a lump of tobacco at the other. Judging by these signs, we inquired if she kept a shop; whereupon she launched into a voluminous description of a burglary committed upon her establishment some months previously, and explained that the business had never recovered from the shock. A few coppers, however, gave such joy that we hoped, if such profit contented, the loss could not have been very severe.

One other call was upon Aunt Phoebe, a native African also, and ninety-six years of age. Among other questions, we asked if she remembered the manumission of the slaves in these islands some forty years ago. "Member Mannermiss'n Day, chile?"

inquired she, indignantly, "w'y dat was on'y yes'day. W'y for shouldn't I 'member dat?"

And then she told a long and amusing story of how her granddaughter, who had learned to read, brought home from her employer's a newspaper containing the joyful news of her people's freedom. "And I says," continued Aunt Phoebe, "gimme hold of dat ar paper, you, Chloe, fer it's printed in a paper I'll believe it fer true, dough I can't read it!"

We agreed that such faith in the public prints deserved special encouragement; and as a member of the guild that writes for the press we felt compelled to be munificent as we shook hands with the excellent old lady.

We were considerably puzzled at Grant's Town by occasional stone and plaster structures in the orchards behind the houses like tombs or cairns, or, perhaps, domestic altars, but on inquiry found that these were ovens, heated on occasion of some great festival, when several families together baked in them the puddings, pastries, or other dainties which, ordinarily, they do without.

One of the features of Grant's Town is the Shouting Church, a low, thatched edifice with board shutters instead of windows, and heavy limestone walls. It is used for a wild, semi-savage sort of worship, once, perhaps, of the Methodist form, but now consisting principally of shrieks, groans and shouts, without much method in their madness, and well adapted to the taste of the [native Africans, who have not yet forgotten their fetish worship. Besides this, there is a good-looking Episcopal Church called St. Agnes.

Near this church is the hut—scarcely larger than a good-sized dog-kennel—occupied for many years by an eccentric man, called "Old Gunny-bag," from the material with which he was always clothed. How he lived and had his being was a mystery, as he rarely worked and never begged; but probably his ambitions were as modest in the way of food as they were in the matter of lodging and raiment. He was looked up to as an oracle by his neighbors in Grant's Town, and great was their grief when the old man passed away. His hut, however, remains undisturbed, although several years have elapsed since the death of its owner.

And now the day of our departure and the steamer *San Jacinto* arrived together, and, re-packing the trunks so gleefully unpacked two weeks before, we said "Good-by" with more real feeling than we could have believed to friends unknown a little half-month ago, and went on board. A half-hour passed in watching the negro boys, in the most primitive costume, dive for pennies—a sort of specialty on the arrival and departure of a steamer—and in looking at the quaint and motley throng upon the wharf, until the whistle sounded, the wheels revolved, and with an odd feeling of loss and pain we watched the white tropical town with its waving crests of palm and the gleaming walls of church and palace and prison blend in one vague mass against the northern sky, while the gleam of the lighthouse, on the point of Hog Island, sent a friendly greeting across the waves towards us, the evening fell, the great sea swelled around us, as if all earth had been swallowed up in ocean, and, with a last loving look, we murmured, "Good-by, beautiful Nassau," and sought the shelter of our state-rooms.

PEACE IN CUBA.

GREAT REJOICING IN HAVANA.—APPOINTMENT OF MARTINEZ CAMPOS TO BE CAPTAIN-GENERAL.

AFTER a struggle of nine years the insurrection in Cuba has been terminated, and peace declared to all the world by proclamation, and the brilliant observance of a four days' jubilee. This intelligence is supplemented by the announcement that Captain-General Jovellar has resigned, and that General Martinez Campos has been appointed his successor. The names of these two officers will occupy a prominent position in the history of the great throes of the Gem of the Antilles. General Jovellar was first appointed Captain-General in 1873, succeeding General Peltain. On assuming the post he found himself surrounded by difficulties before which many able men would have succumbed. The memorable *Virginibus* affair and the conduct of General Burriel in ordering the summary execution of the voyagers created the utmost excitement in Havana, as well as throughout the civilized world. To General Jovellar was intrusted the carrying out of the special agreement between the United States and Spain, made as a kind of atonement for the massacre. In doing this he showed rare prudence and coolness, and yet was so hampered by interests purely local to Havana that he begged President Castelar to accept his resignation. The sturdy Republican declined to accede to the petition, and Jovellar again applied himself to his arduous duties. In 1875 Jovellar was released and Count Valmaseda, who had been Captain-General several times, superseded him. In March of that year Valmaseda offered amnesty to certain of the insurgent leaders with their followers, but the conditions and proposition were rejected, and the struggle continued.

Towards the close of 1875 Valmaseda was recalled and Jovellar reappointed. He again set to work in a systematic manner to reconcile the insurgents with the inevitable failure of their cause, and in this he was ably seconded by General Martinez Campos, fresh from the fields of the Carlist war, after having proclaimed Alfonso King of Spain before his victorious army at Sagunta. General Campos went to Cuba to assume chief command of the army, so as relieve Jovellar of the double duty he had to perform as Captain-General and Commander-in-chief. He had established a reputation as a first-class soldier and an honest man, possessed of practical good sense and clear ideas. Disregarding existing prejudices and policies, he began treating directly with the insurgent chiefs, and to the surprise of thousands of observers of the experiment, he met with success almost from the start. This was due, in a great measure, to the influences of his personal character. He had never issued either public or secret orders to shoot prisoners and have them reported as killed in battle. He was kind to all subordinates, and frequently reproached and even punished officers for ill-treating prisoners. He seemed determined to conquer without shedding of blood, and in all cases he released prisoners on their simple parole, and furnished them passports to go whither they pleased. In a word, he kept faith with friend and foe alike, and offered such honorable terms to the resisting chiefs, and fulfilled so minutely all his promises, that the insurgents began surrendering by the thousands.

Early in February last the *Official Gazette* of Havana published the basis of peace conditions, and on March 25th General Campos issued a proclamation declaring that "peace has been substantially re-established in the greater part of the district lately in rebellion, and that it is now necessary to heal the wounds occasioned by ten years of strife. therefore, in accordance with Article II. of the peace conditions, and by the authority of the Home Government," the General decrees:

First—The authorities of the pacified territory "are to observe the most complete oblivion" for past events, and strive to prevent the resurrection of bygone passions.

Second—All persons now in imprisonment for treason, rebellion and sedition, or for being accessory thereto, are to be liberated and returned to their homes, if desired, and those who have escaped punishment are not to be proceeded against.

Third—All cases now pending before the tribunals of the island for such crimes are to be abandoned immediately.

Fourth—All persons banished or deported for such causes are to be permitted to return home, and are to be exempt from molestation or persecution for previous conduct.

Fifth—All persons included in the foregoing articles, and those residing in foreign countries, are to regain their rights of citizenship.

Sixth—All deserters from the Spanish forces who are still in arms are to be pardoned, if they surrender by the 15th of April.

Great and unbounded is the joy in Cuba upon the proclamation of peace. The dark cloud that hung over this fair island has been dissipated, and the sunlight of tranquillity once more shines in subdued and gentle radiance. Martinez Campos has been congratulated not only by the Casino but by his royal master, who forwarded a special telegram to the fortunate general. The Casino Español dispatched the following telegram to the Government at Madrid:

To THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS—

The Casino Español of Havana warmly congratulates His Majesty the King, and has the high honor to its gratification for having conceded so opportunity the command of this Antily to the illustrious leaders, Martinez Campos and Jovellar, to whom are due the pacification of Cuba and the capitulation of all the rebels—so honorable for Spain. All the people associate themselves with the general rejoicing, and acclaim Alfonso XII. "The Pacifier." The President, VICENTE GALLEZA.

The proclamation of peace was followed by very extraordinary ceremonies in Havana. On the night of Thursday, June 13th, General Martinez Campos reached the city by special train from Cienfuegos to the Regla Station, on the opposite side of Havana Bay. He was received by Captain-General Jovellar and a large assemblage of officials and citizens. The meeting between the generals was extremely cordial. They remained during the night at the residence of Count Rourer in Guanabacoa. At six o'clock on Friday morning the General-in-Chief and the Captain-General crossed the bay in the ferryboat, passing between the men-of-war, which were drawn up in two lines. They landed at seven o'clock, and made a triumphant entry into the city at the head of 4,000 troops, amid unbound enthusiasm, Cubans and Spaniards uniting in fraternal exhibitions of joy. The streets were strewn with palm-leaves and flowers, and spanned by triumphal arches with inscriptions to the pacifiers of Cuba. The Municipality of Havana presented to each general a golden laurel wreath.

A banquet began at seven o'clock in the evening in the Governor's palace. The streets were crowded to their utmost capacity, and the hotels overran with people from the interior of the island, who flock to the city to witness the festivities. On Saturday there was a grand civic procession, in which all the Spanish provinces and their peculiar costumes, ancient and modern, were represented. A grand parade of regular and volunteer troops occurred on Sunday. Generals Jovellar and Campos were greeted with continued acclamations. The enthusiasm showed no signs of abating. On Monday the public festivities closed with a bull-fight in the ancient style, and at noon Martinez Campos assumed the office of Captain-General, issuing a proclamation to the inhabitants, saying:

With the co-operation of the patriotism and good sense of the inhabitants, the difficult task of reconstructing the country will be less arduous. The policy of the Government will be generous forgetfulness of everything tending to divide those who are brothers, and equal application of the law without distinction of persons. New laws will call to public duty a great part of those who heretofore had no representation in public life, but impudent demands are inexcusable. The people may rest assured the Government will fulfill all the promises made by the late and the present Captain-General.

General Jovellar embarked for Spain on Tuesday, June 18th.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Farmers in England sowing arsenicated wheat are, by a recent act of Parliament, made subject to a heavy penalty.

An attempt is to be made to grow the sugar-cane in Switzerland, and grains have been forwarded to be distributed among farmers.

A learned professor at Lyons, France, has discovered a method for artificially hatching silk-worms, which promises to afford the means of obtaining two yields of raw silk a year instead of one.

The cultivation of oysters is becoming an important branch of trade in Holland, for while the home-consumption averages about 14,500,000 oysters per annum, almost as many are exported, France alone taking more than 3,000,000.

Most persons are aware that air can pass through stone, brick, and stucco; further, that it is essential, in order that a house should be healthy, that this action should be carried on. The blocking up with paint of the health-ports of a house, so to speak, therefore is to be unhesitatingly condemned.

Pine-trees seem to have the greatest efficacy in retaining atmospheric moisture. They retain more than half the rainfall upon their heads, whilst broad-leaved trees transmit fifty-eight per cent. of the atmospheric moisture to the ground. Hence pine-forests lessen the danger of flooding in rivers which have their source in mountains so planted.

Sonorous Alloys.—Many alloys of tin and other soft metals, hardened by the addition of antimony, copper, etc., do not give a clear tone, on being struck, but a lead-like dull one. It has been found by Professor B. Siliman that the power of sounding clearly may be imparted to them, by immersing for a half to one minute in a paraffin or oil bath, heated to a temperature 5° to 5.5° below the boiling point, then taking out and allowing to cool. This treatment of the alloy does not produce any diminution of density, but a considerable increase of the hardness and rigidity. A change in the molecular arrangement of the alloy appears to be produced similar to that which is affected with glass, when it is treated in the same way.

Deep Sea Soundings between Africa and Brazil.—Commander Winfield S. Schley, commanding the United States steamer *Essex*, reports from Rio de Janeiro under date of February 10th, 1878, that he has successfully run a line of soundings from St. Paul de Loanda, Africa, to Cape Frio, Brazil, via the Island of St. Helena. His report is accompanied by the track chart, with soundings marked thereon, a profile of the ocean bottom, and the positions where soundings and sea-tem-

peratures were taken. The greatest depth found between the Coast of Africa and St. Helena was 3,063 fathoms, or 18,375 feet; and between St. Helena and Brazil the greatest depth was 3,284 fathoms, or 19,704 feet. The soundings taken within five or six miles to the eastward and westward of St. Helena exhibit in profile the remarkable fact that that island stands almost perpendicular in nearly 12,000 feet of water. After leaving the Coast of Africa, there is an abrupt descent of 900 fathoms in the first sixty miles from that coast, deepening up to 3,000 fathoms at a distance of about seven hundred miles; thence to St. Helena gradual reductions in depth occur, and an entire change in the character of the bottom, from mud to coral rock and sand. The soundings were taken by means of pianoforte wire, in place of hemp line, with the machine designed by Sir William Thomson, of England, improved by Captain George E. Belknap, of the United States steamer *Tucanora*, in sounding across the Pacific Ocean in 1873 and 1874.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE cross of the Order of Francis Joseph has been conferred on Dr. Schweinfurth by the Emperor of Austria.

RUMORS are current that the Queen will pay a visit to Malta to inspect the Indian troops as Empress of India.

SIGNOR CAIROLO, Prime Minister of Italy, is exerting himself to bring about an international exhibition at Rome in 1881.

SIGNOR CASTELLANI's collection, which has just been sold in Paris, is said to have brought double the price asked for it in this city.

DR. LE MOYNE, the Pennsylvanian who so seriously believes in cremation, has just given \$20,000 to a colored school in Tennessee.

THE bust of Henry Wilson has been placed in Doric Hall, at the State House in Boston, between those of Lincoln and Governor Andrew.

GENERAL SHERMAN's eldest son, Mr. Thomas Ewing Sherman, has sailed for England, where he will enter the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus.

DLAZ has pronounced against a railway connecting Mexico with the United States, and refuses to admit the contract agreed upon by his predecessors.

KING OSCAR, of Sweden, has received an honorary title from the Frankfort Academy of Sciences in consideration of his translation of "Faust" into Swedish verse.

IT is announced that Oxford University will confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Common Law upon Edward Pierrepont, late Minister of the United States to Great Britain.

MR. YUNG WING, the Chinese Commissioner, has presented to Yale—from which college he is a graduate—a large collection of Chinese books. The 1,300 volumes are historical, poetical, etc.

THE Emperor William's courage has always been sustained by the conviction that he has a mission to perform, and will be protected by a supernatural power until its full accomplishment.

MR. PRESTON POWERS, the younger son of Hiram Powers, is constantly busy with his work as a sculptor in Florence. He models a great many portraits; his bust of Agassiz he has repeated five times.

JUAN GONZALEZ, a Mexican, living near Fort Concho, Texas, is said to be the best lasso thrower in the world. He throws a lasso 225 feet in length almost as accurately as a good marksman could shoot with a rifle.

PROFESSOR T. C. MENDENHALL, of the Ohio State University, has been appointed Professor of Physics in the Imperial University of Japan. His salary is to be \$5,000 a year; and he binds himself to remain in Japan for two years.

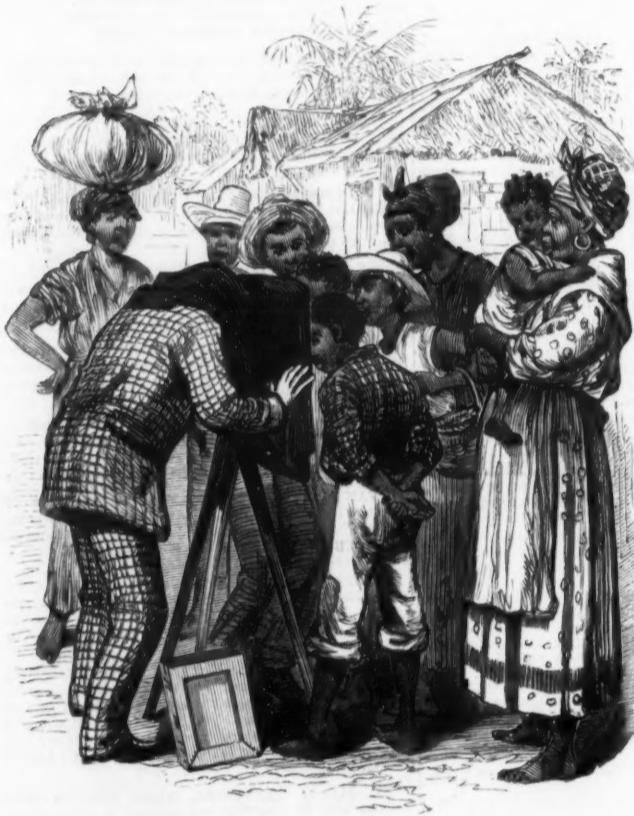
THE estate of Mark Hopkins, of San Francisco, is worth \$10,000,000, and men able to qualify as bondsm



"SANKEY," FROM SHOUTING CHAPEL.



BEFORE SERVICE AT THE SHOUTING CHAPEL.



PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN GRANT'S TOWN.



SHELL-WORKERS IN A GRANT'S TOWN CABIN.



A CHARACTERISTIC GROUP IN GRANT'S TOWN.



OLD GUNNY BAG'S HUT.

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.—INCIDENTS OF A TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO NASSAU—SKETCHES OF LIFE AND SCENERY IN NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. F. COONLEY AND SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.—SEE PAGE 307.

CHARLES HODGE, D.D., LL.D.

THERE are some names which are symbols—some of discoveries, some of schools of thought, some of events which determine eras of history. One of these representative names is that of Dr. Hodge, who died at Princeton, on June 19th. Dr. Charles Hodge was born at Philadelphia, of Scotch-Irish descent, on December 28th, 1797, and graduated at Princeton College, 1815, entering the next year as a student at the Theological Seminary. In 1820 he became assistant teacher of the original lan-

contributions to sacred literature have been of the most scholarly and solid character. For nearly forty years he was editor-in-chief of the *Princeton Review*, and during that period was engaged on other literary work. The great work of his life is the "Systematic Theology," which is regarded as one of the ablest expositions of Calvinism ever produced. At least six of his other works are recognized by Protestants all over the world as contributions of imperishable value to the sum of popular evangelical knowledge. He died full of honors, having for more than half a century influenced, more or less sensibly, the thought and tendencies of his age.



NEW JERSEY.—THE LATE CHARLES HODGE, D.D., LL.D., OF PRINCETON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WARREN, OF BOSTON.

guages of Scripture in the seminary, and two years later he was elected by the General Assembly full Professor of Oriental and Biblical Literature. In 1828, after some three years' study at the Universities of Paris, Halle and Berlin, he returned to his Chair, and in 1840 was transferred to the professorship of Exegetical and Didactic Theology, to which, in 1852, Polemic Theology was added. He held this Chair at the time of his death. On the 24th of April, 1872, the semi-centennial of his professorship was celebrated at Princeton by four hundred or five hundred classmates and former pupils. Dr. Hodge's

COMMENCEMENT DAY
AT PRINCETON, N. J.

THE Commencement exercises of the College of New Jersey, on June 20th, attracted this year a far larger congregation than ever to the precincts of this ancient institution. President Hayes had promised to be present with his wife, but the extreme length of the Congressional session prevented. A larger proportion of the students than usual joined the procession which formed at the College Chapel at 9 A. M., and marched to the old First Presbyterian Church, preceded by Graul's Seventh Regiment Band. The church was well filled throughout the long Commencement exercises, which continued until 2:30 P. M. The church was well arranged for the exercises, a large platform running across one end, and tiers of seats rising on either side. In the right hand of the chancel in these tiers sat the Faculty, on the left the Board of Trustees, while in the centre sat Dr. McCosh, having on his right hand Governor McClellan, Stanley Matthews, who arrived the night previous to witness the graduation of his son, occupied a seat among the trustees.

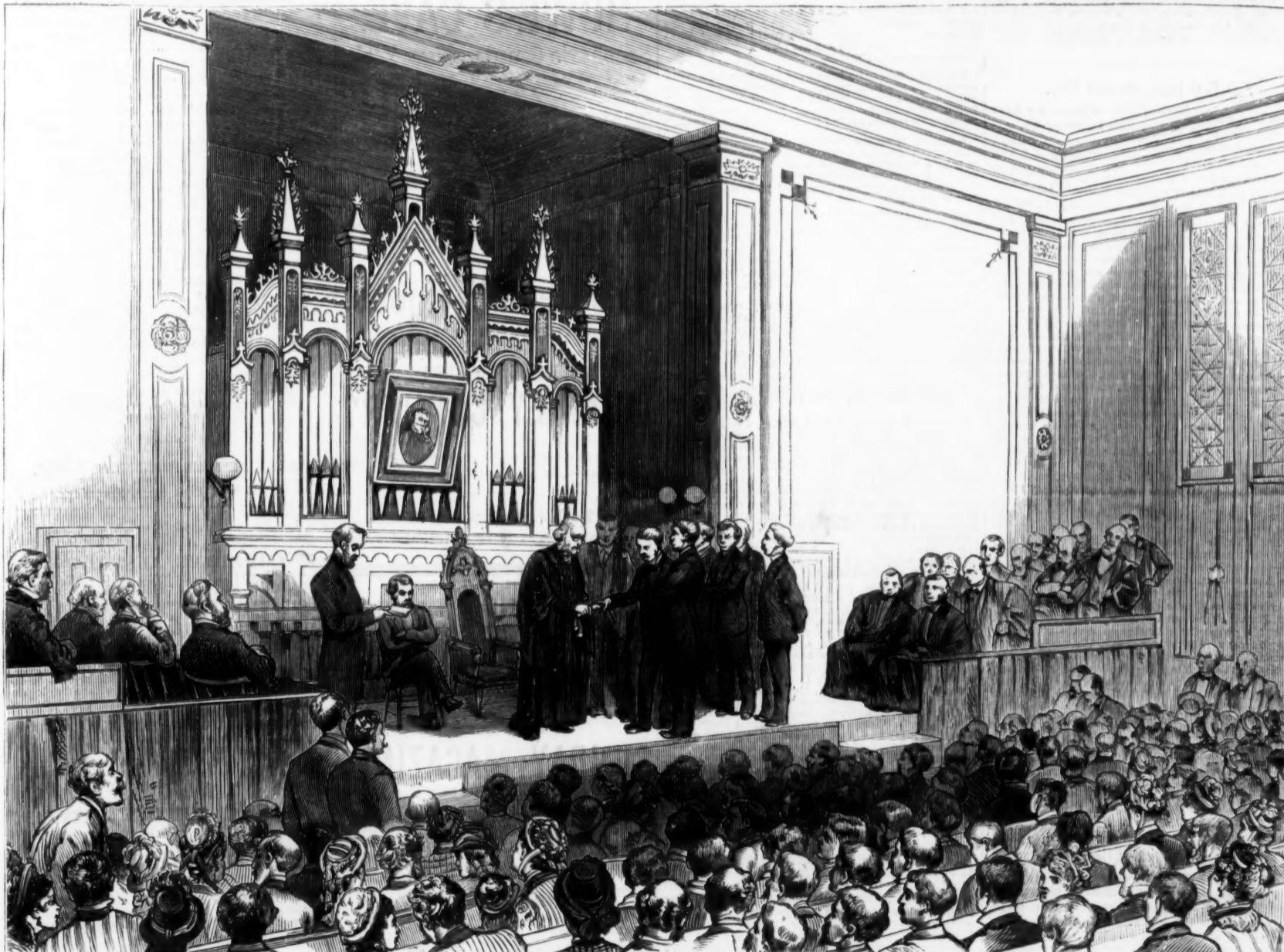
The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Stearns, and the orators then spoke in order of rank in the class.

In his address conferring the prizes at the conclusion of the exercises Dr. McCosh paid a tribute to the memory of William Cullen Bryant, to Professor Henry, and to the college's last loss, the Rev. Charles Hodge, D.D., LL.D. He said that the gifts to the college during the year aggregated \$120,000, and that \$30,000 had been expended on the library.

At the conclusion of the valedictory oration the large audience slowly dispersed. The procession was soon formed in front of old North College, and marched to the large examination-hall in the top of Dickinson Hall, where the alumni dinner was partaken of. Upon a dais at one end of the large hall, at a table in the centre, sat Dr. McCosh, having upon his left hand the Hon. Chauncey Depew and Admiral Emmons, U. S. N., and upon his right, Governor McClellan, ex-Governor Ward, of New Jersey, and the Rev. Dr. Mix, of Orange, N. J. The Class of '78 sat at one long table, the Classes of '77, '76



GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS, NEWLY-APPOINTED CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF CUBA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OCA, LOPEZ & CO.—SEE PAGE 307.

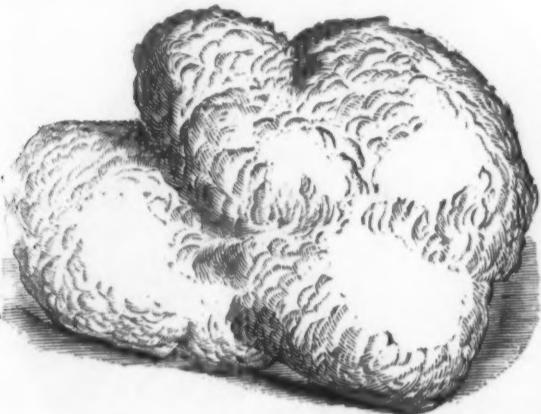


NEW JERSEY.—COMMENCEMENT DAY OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY, AT PRINCETON—PRESIDENT MCCOSH CONFERRING DEGREES UPON THE GRADUATES, JUNE 20TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. OGDEN.

'68, '68, '75 and '53 also having tables to themselves. The Faculty of the college sat together, as did also the trustees. After an excellent dinner had been disposed of several toasts were read and responses were made.

THE HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

ONE of the features of the exhibition of the New York Horticultural Society, at Gilmore's Garden, which opened June 19th, and continued until the 21st, was the magnificent display of strawberries. Nearly all the larger varieties were exhibited, and each had some peculiar merit of its own.



THE LATE HORTICULTURAL SHOW.—A SPECIMEN DURAND STRAWBERRY—EXACT SIZE.

Our illustration shows a representative of the great American variety, which measured three inches across and two inches in length, the weight being two and a half ounces. The exhibitor and grower was Mr. E. W. Durand, of Irvington, N. J., who received a premium for the heaviest berries.

Russian Army Officers.

THE life of the Russian officer, away from parades and the excitement of battles, is occupied chiefly by routine duty, tea-drinking, smoking, and card and billiard-playing, proportionately in the order named. The duty seems hard and tedious, but to some of us it would seem harder to drink five or six tumblers of tea three or four times a day. The "dentschicks" (official servants) do nothing but attend to the making of tea and their masters' pipes all day. Every time the officer returns to his quarters tea must be prepared, and the long-stemmed pipes ready to light, not only for himself, but for any number of guests he may bring with him. The tobacco used is always of Turkish brands, or at least sold as such. The Ukraine is a tobacco-producing province, but the leaf can not be enjoyed by anybody beside the Ukraine people, with their horse-constitutions. It would be the height of imprudence for anybody with weak lungs to ride in a smoking-carriage in this region, even for half a day, for fear of suffocation, and a corpse exposed to the action of the smoke of Ukraine tobacco would be converted into a mummy in twenty-four hours.

The First Italian Mystery Play.

Mystery Play of which we have any knowledge, so far as Italy is concerned, was represented in the year 1244 at Prato della Valle, a suburb of Padua. It was the drama of the Redemption, the tragedy of the Crucifixion. People flocked to Padua from all parts of Italy to see this performance. A young lady of acknowledged beauty played the part of the Virgin Mary; peasants played the part of the Apostles, soldiers, etc., and monks had roles allotted to them. Nay, a man was found to play the part of Our Saviour—long fair hair, parted in the middle, and a meek and goodly aspect being, it is said, his principal characteristics. The next spectacle of this kind took place in the Friuli, about the year 1298, and, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, a third and grander performance was given at Cividale, in the north of Italy, amidst the applause of thousands upon thousands of spectators. The dénouement of the drama did not end with the Crucifixion, for the Mystery Play, as originally performed, was found to be incomplete. It was remodeled on a broader basis, and the new basis was made to include three episodes, that is to say, three acts; the first act dealing with the Atonement or Crucifixion, the second with the Resurrection, and the third with the Ascension into Heaven. Cividale was the envy and the wonder of all the cities of Italy. Every town in the peninsula wanted Mystery Plays, and Mystery Plays for a hundred years were one of the great subjects of men's thoughts and one of the principal topics of conversation. For the time had not yet come for Mother Church to desert her bantling; priests and monks did not yet repudiate the worldly child that had been born on the threshold of the sanctuary. The brat was allowed to live as a kind of semi-official underling of the priesthood; he was called Allegory, he was called Revival, he was called Mystery Play. Priests and monks were quite willing to let the people be educated by means of the theatre as long as the theatre was in their own hands. Theatrical performances were semi-religious ceremonies in the Middle Ages, as dancing in the days of ancient Rome was a part of religious discipline. Rome had its *Balii*, with their sacred leaps and acrobatics, in the temple of Mars; and Italy had its Mystery Plays, performed outside the sanctuary, but not at enmity with it. When civilization increased, when the dramatic art slipped out of the hands of the priesthood, theatres were denounced, and people were warned against playgoing as much as they are warned nowadays against heresy. But Mystery Plays survived their founders, and continued to be in vogue till the fourteenth century.

The Rise and Progress of Penal Servitude.

WHAT English prisons were before the time of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry forms a scandal to humanity itself. The early days of the transportation system—in the hulks and in the Australian colonies—to a considerable extent recalled these horrors; but it should be said that in course of time they received great mitigation. Transportation had the effect of exiling a large proportion of

the dangerous classes from the country, and it is still a question among jurists whether it is not the best kind of long sentences. But the time came when the Australian colonies, with the exception of West Australia, resolutely refused to admit any further convicts. The government of the day was thrown into a state of very serious perplexity. Almost accidentally, and very gradually, the system of penal servitude grew up. It so happened that some years before the point of extreme difficulty had been reached a select committee on harbors of refuge had recommended the construction of the Portland Breakwater to secure a naval station in war and "to afford shelter and safety to the commercial marine in the long line of coast extending from Plymouth and Torbay to Portsmouth and the Downs." A large amount of convict labor was now at the profitable disposal of the government. Buildings were run up for the accommodation of 1,000 convicts, and after the foundation of the Portland Breakwater had been laid by the Prince Consort the great work was proceeded with. It was found that another vast prison might easily be made available. At Prince's Town, in the heart of Dartmoor, was an immense range of buildings which had been used for French prisoners during the long Continental war. The huge barracks were falling into ruins; in places the roof was blown off and the wall was blown in. A batch of convicts was sent down to make the place habitable, while proper buildings on the approved plan were to be constructed. The plan was also designed to construct up the Medway a chain of artificial basins that would be able to contain a fleet. A large prison was constructed at Chatham, and since then another at Portsmouth, where immense public works have been taken in hand. In 1852 the transportation system was definitely surrendered, and the new punishment, with the corresponding new term of "penal servitude," was invented. In 1863 a Royal Commission was appointed to examine into the workings of the system, and one result of the Act of Parliament, based upon its report, was that no sentence in future was to be for a less term than five years.

FUN.

THE fishery question—Had a bite yet?

A HORSE, unlike a man, is always prepared to meet an oat.

SENTIMENTAL young grammarians are very apt to parse "love" as a "fine-night verb."

A MAN has invented yellow spectacles for making lard look like butter. They are a great saving of expense—if worn while eating.

"HOW NICELY the corn pops!" said a young man, who was sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. "Yes," she responded, demurely, "it's got over being green."

"MAY the Lord preserve your eyesight," said a beggarwoman to a man with a small nose, who had just given her a gratuity. "Why?" he asked. "Because," said she, "you've no nose to hold your spectacles."

A SPIRITED ANSWER.—Minister: "Janet! Janet! Drinking again! Don't you know where all the drinkers go to?" Janet: "Ah could na say what others do, but ah know where ah ken—(hic)—get the best cheapest!"

FOND MOTHER (who is looking over her son's room previous to his long recess)—"Why Charles, where did you get all these bottles?" Charles: "Oh! ah! Let me see. They were sent me by some young ladies to decorate, after I had joined the Art Club."

We have often wondered of what constitutes the Hungarian Diet composed, and our curiosity is at length satisfied, for we read of a joint-sitting of the Hungarian Delegation. This is as it should be, for that Hung(a)ry people should have substantial diet is but meet.

"ANYTHING new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in a railroad-office. "Yes," replied the lone occupant of the apartment. "What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping out his note-book. Said the railroad man, edging towards the door: "That paint you are leaning against." Such are the loads a newspaper man must bear.

THEY were standing at a window. "In looking out-doors do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little Danbury girl, whose home he was visiting. "Yes, sir." "Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?" he next asked, looking down upon the bright, sweet face with tender interest. "Because ma has cleaned house, and you can see out better," she said. The elderly gentleman sat down.

In a rural district of Forfarshire, a young plowman once went a courting on Saturday night. In vain he racked his brain for some interesting topic; he could call up no subject at all suitable for the occasion—not one sentence could he utter, and for two long hours he sat on in silent despair. The girl herself was equally silent; she no doubt remembered the teaching of the old Scotch song: "Men maud be the first to speak," and she sat as patiently regarding him with demure surprise. At last John suddenly exclaimed: "Jenny, there is a feather on yer apron!" "I wudna ha'e wondered if there had been twa," replied Jenny, "for I've been sittin' aside a goose a' nicht."

"HOW ARE you, Trepid? How do you feel today, Mr. Trepid?" "A great deal worse than I was, thank'ee; most dead, I am obliged to you; I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better. I'm very sure, anyhow, that I'm not going to be any better; and, for the future, you may always know I'm worse without asking any questions; for the questions make me worse, if nothing else does." "Why, Trepid, what's the matter with you?" "Nothing, I tell you, in particular; but a great deal is the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people, when they can't tell what it is; that's what's killing me. My grandfather died of it, and so will I. The doctors don't know it; they can't tell; they say I'm well enough, when I'm bad enough; and so there's no help. I'm going off some of these days, right after my great-grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but everything in general. That's what finishes all our folks."

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